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D. 6.
3593

Miſs Mary Blandy's own Account,

Of the Affair between

HER and Mr. CRANSTOUN,

FROM THE

COMMENCEMENT of their ACQUAINTANCE, in the Year, 1746.

TO THE

DEATH of her FATHER, in *Auguſt* 1751.

With all the Circumſtances leading to that unhappy Event.

To which is added,

An APPENDIX.

CONTAINING

COPIES of ſome ORIGINAL LETTERS now in Poſſeſſion of the EDITOR.

TOGETHER WITH

An exact RELATION of her BEHAVIOUR, whilſt under Sentence; and a COPY of the DECLARATION ſigned by herſelf, in the Preſence of two Clergymen, two Days before her Execution.

Publiſhed at her dying Requeſt.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the *Strand*, MDCCLII.

(Price One Shilling and Sixpence)

N. B. The ORIGINAL ACCOUNT, authenticated by Miſs *Blandy* in a proper Manner, may be ſeen at the above *A. Millar*'s.

560 E

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1897.

TO THE

READER.

AS the Affair between Miſs Blandy, *executed on* Monday *the ſixth inſtant at* Oxford, *and Mr.* Cranſtoun, *has been the Subject of all Converſation, both in Town and Country, for ſeveral Months paſt; an authentic and circumſtantial Account of it cannot fail of proving acceptable to the Public: which would of itſelf be a ſufficient Apology for ſending theſe Sheets into the World. But the Editor has a farther Motive for the Publication of the following Narrative. Miſs* Blandy, *in ſome of her laſt Moments, moſt earneſtly deſired, that the Whole, which had been partly penned and partly dictated by her, might be ſubmitted to the Judgment of the Public, without any material*

rial Alteration or Abridgment. In Compliance, therefore, with her dying Requeſt, and at the Solicitation of ſeveral Perſons of Rank and Figure in the Univerſity of Oxford, *it has been thought proper to exhibit it, as near as poſſible, in her own Words. There are not then in this Copy, from the original MS. any conſiderable Departures, or Variations. Nor is it to be doubted but this, ſince ſuch Care has here been taken induſtriouſly to avoid all bitter Invectives, all perſonal Reflections, and even all Aſperity of Expreſſion, will prove the moſt likely Means to procure it a candid and favourable Reception.*

Miſs

Miſs BLANDY's own ACCOUNT, &c.

MY Acquaintance with Mr. *Cranſtoun*, who was Lieutenant of a Regiment of Marines, commenced at Lord *Mark Ker*'s, in one of the Summer-months, as I at preſent apprehend, of the Year 1746. - At firſt we entertained of each other only Sentiments of Friendſhip, I being upon the Point of marrying another Gentleman; which, for ſome prudential Reaſons, was ſoon put off, and at laſt came to nothing. Some Months after our firſt Interview, Mr. *Cranſtoun* left *Henley*; and, about the following Summer, returned to his Uncle, Lord *Mark Ker*, who lived at a Houſe he had hired in that Town, called *Paradiſe*. After his Arrival at *Henley*, our Friendſhip continued for ſome Time; in one Part of which I told him, as a Friend that wiſhed me well, of another advantageous Match that had been propoſed to me; but at the ſame time declared to him, that I was afraid the Gentleman was not formed to make me happy. Upon this, he aſked me, "whe-
"ther or no I preferred mutual Love to the Gran-

" deur of Life?" To which I replied, " I pre-
" ferred the Man I loved and eſteemed to all
" others." This induced him to make a Propoſal to me in the following Terms: " Miſs *Blandy*, I
" have upon my Hands an unhappy Affair, which
" to you I have made no Secret of: I can aſſure
" you, before I ſpeak what follows, I am not now
" married, nor ever was; tho' by the Nature of
" the Laws of *Scotland*, I am involved in ſome
" Difficulties brought upon me by that Affair, out
" of which it will be ſome Time before I can ex-
" tricate myſelf. Do you think you could love a
" Man well enough to ſtay till this Affair be brought
" to a Determination? I have, added he, wiſhed
" ſuch a Propoſal might take Effect from the very
" firſt Moment that I ſaw you; but my Honour
" would not permit me to make it in form, till the
" Invalidity of my pretended Marriage did appear
" to the whole World." To this I made no Reply, as Lord *Mark Ker* at that Inſtant came into the Garden; Mr. *Cranſtoun* and I being then at his Houſe. The next Day Mr. *Cranſtoun* came to my Father's, and renewed the Diſcourſe; on which I told him, that " if my Papa and Mamma would
" approve of my ſtaying for him, I readily con-
" ſented thereto." After this he took the firſt Opportunity of ſpeaking to my Mamma upon the ſame Subject; and received from her the following Anſwer: " Sir, you do my Daughter an Honour;
" but I have underſtood, that you have a perplex-
" ing Affair upon your Hands, and it is reported
" that you are married." He then made Anſwer,
" Madam, as I have a Soul to be ſaved, I am not,
" nor ever was." To which ſhe replied: " Very
" well, Mr. *Cranſtoun*, I will take your Word as to
" that; but I have many more Reaſons to give you
" why I diſapprove of your Propoſal. In the firſt
" Place,

" Place, you are a Man of Faſhion, and I believe " your Fortune ſmall; my Daughter has been " brought up with great Care and Tenderneſs; and " as neither of you ſeem to me cut out to live upon " a ſmall Fortune, you would both like to live " in a Manner ſuitable to your Station." To which ſhe added, " I can aſſure you, Mr. *Cranſtoun*, had " my Daughter 10,000 *l.* and in my Diſpoſal, " I would give her to you with the greateſt Plea- " ſure. There is one Thing, continued ſhe, I " think, Mr. *Cranſtoun*, I ought to inform you of. " Notwithſtanding the World reports Mr. *Blandy* " to be able to give his Daughter down a hand- " ſome Fortune, I am ſure he cannot do it; tho' I " was ever made a Stranger to his Circumſtances." To which he replied, " If Mr. *Blandy* will give me " his Daughter, I ſhall not trouble him about " that." This, as far as I can recollect, is the Subſtance of what paſſed on Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s firſt making his Addreſſes to me.

After the laſt Conference, my Mamma and Mr. *Cranſtoun* had ſeveral others to the ſame Effect; the laſt of which was followed by Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s Journey to *Bath*. He attended his Uncle, Lord *Mark Ker*, thither; but before he left *Henley*, he obtained my Father's Leave to correſpond with me. He went to *Bath*, if my Memory fails me not, in the latter Seaſon of the Year 1747; after I had been above a Year acquainted with him. He ſtaid at *Bath* about five or ſix Weeks; and, after his Return to *Henley*, lived at our Houſe, with my Father's and Mother's Approbation, five or ſix Months. At the End of this Term, he went up to Town; and, within a few Days after his Arrival there, wrote to my Father, to beg the favour of him to comply with his Requeſt, that I might be permitted to ſtay for him till his unhappy Affair with Miſs *Murray*,

(for ſo was his ſuppoſed Wife called) was finally determined. This, he ſaid, he was aſſured, by the beſt Judges, muſt end in a little Time with certain Succeſs: Which, as he added, would make him the happieſt Man living; and he doubted not but he ſhould communicate the ſame Degree of Happineſs to me, by the tender Treatment I ſhould meet with from him. My Father gave the Letter to me with a Smile, and told me, "that was a Letter which he "believed I ſhould read with ſome Pleaſure." After I had read it, I ſaid, "When will you anſwer "it, Sir?" To which he replied, "Not at all." Upon this, looking earneſtly at him, ſaid, "Not at "all, Papa?" "No, replied he, you ſhall an-"ſwer it yourſelf." "In what Manner, Sir?" ſubjoined I. "As, returned he, is moſt agreeable to "you." To which, however, he thought fit to add, "Tho' I give you Leave in this Manner, yet "if you are prudent you will not think of hav-"ing a Man of Quality without any Fortune, when "you may marry a Man with a very ample one, "of as good a Gentleman's Family as any in *Eng-*"*land*: But, continued he, if you can be content-"ed, I'll do what I can to make you happy with "him. I believe he loves you, and mutual Love "muſt make the Marriage-ſtate happy." Mr. *Blunt*, the Owner or Proprietor of *Paradiſe*, the Houſe inhabited by Lord *Mark Ker*, was then at my Father's, and knew, if I am not miſtaken, from whom the Letter came: Be that as it will, no more paſſed on this Subject at that Time. The next Poſt I informed Mr. *Cranſtoun*, that "My "Papa had given me Leave to write to him what-"ever I pleaſed; in conſequence of which I ſhould "take the Liberty to aſſure him, that I would ſtay "for him, and accept of no other Offer till his "Affair was brought to a Deciſion; and that if it

" was not determined in his Favour, I doubted " whether I ſhould accept of any ever after." Tho' I did not ſee Mr. *Cranſtoun* for ſeveral Months, our Correſpondence ſtill continued; Letters paſſing and repaſſing between us almoſt every Poſt.

During this Interval, my Mamma went to a Place called *Turville-court*, to the Houſe of one Mrs. *Pocock*; where ſhe was ſeized with a Diſorder, that it was thought would have proved fatal to her. Through the whole Courſe of her Illneſs, when in her Senſes, ſhe conſtantly cried out, " Let *Cran-* " *ſtoun* be ſent for:" On which, I at laſt ſent for him. He was then at *Southampton*; which, by the Miſcarriage of one of his Letters, I was ignorant of: But the very Night he reached *London*, he ſet out for *Turville-court*, and arrived there about Ten o'Clock at Night. As ſoon as he came to Mrs. *Pocock*'s Houſe, he was inſtantly taken up into my Mother's Chamber, which greatly refreſhed and revived her: For ſhe immediately raiſed herſelf up in Bed, took him about the Neck, and kiſſed him in the moſt affectionate Manner. At the ſame Time, ſhe ſaid, " My dear *Cranſtoun*, I am glad you are " come; I now ſhall grow well ſoon." Nor would ſhe take any Medicines, but from his Hand, ſaying, " My poor Nurſe muſt not be jealous, (meaning " her Daughter) ſince loving him I know is pleaſing " her." The next Day ſhe got up, and ſent for Mr. *Cranſtoun* into her Room; ſaying, " This I " owe to you, my dear *Cranſtoun*; your coming " has given me new Health and freſh Spirits: I " was fearful leſt I ſhould die, and you not be here " to comfort that poor Girl, how like Death ſhe " looks!" My Father came thither that Day to ſee his Spouſe, and took Mr. *Cranſtoun*, who met him in the Hall, up in his Arms, ſaying, " I am " glad to ſee you here, how does my Wife?"

" Upon Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s telling him, " ſhe was " much better, and up," he ſaid, ſmiling, " I " ſuppoſe they will both of them (meaning his " Wife and Daughter) be much better, now you " are come." My Father ſeemed in great good Humour all that Day. The next Time he came, (for he returned Home at Night) he appeared much out of Humour at the great Expence incurred by my Mother on the foregoing Occaſion, and deſired her to think of removing to her own Houſe; ſince in that Caſe, neither the Phyſician's Fees nor the Apothecary's Journies could be ſo expenſive. But ſhe was too weak to be removed immediately: However, in a ſhort Time, ſhe returned Home, in Company with myſelf and Mr. *Cranſtoun*, who, with my Father and Mother's Approbation, reſided with us above ſix Months. During which Interval, my Father was ſometimes extremely kind, and ſometimes very rude to Mr. *Cranſtoun*, as well as very harſh to his Daughter. I obſerved, that this Rudeneſs and Harſhneſs generally appeared after he had been in Company with ſome Perſons, and particuly one hereafter mentioned, who were known not to approve of my Marriage with Mr. *Cranſtoun*. My Father alſo frequently made my Mother very uneaſy, on account of her Approbation of that Marriage; tho' he always declared, that he thought Mr. *Cranſtoun* a moſt agreeable Man. Whilſt he was laſt at my Father's Houſe, the Regiment of Marines to which he belonged was broke at *Southampton*; which obliged him to go thither: But he did not ſtay there above two or three Days; and upon his Return to *Henley*, was received by my Father with great Tenderneſs, who told him, that " as he was " now broke, he ſuppoſed his Caſh would run low; " and that therefore he was welcome to ſtay " with him." This happening in my Preſence, I

went up to my Father, kiſſed him, and ſaid, "Sir, "I ſhall never forget this Goodneſs." Mr. *Cranſtoun* having loſt his Poſt in the Regiment of Marines, did not remain long in *Henley*; but ſet out ſoon for *London*, where he made a pretty conſiderable ſtay. We kept up, however, our Correſpondence, as uſual in Times of Abſence, he writing to me almoſt every Poſt.

A few Months after Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s return from *Southampton*, my Mother went up to *London*, in order to aſk Advice for a Complaint in her Breaſt, and took me along with her. Upon our Arrival there, we went to her Brother's, Mr. *Henry Stevens*'s, in *Doctors-Commons*, where we reſided all the Time we remained in Town. I had before apprized Mr. *Cranſtoun* of our intended Journey; and he waited upon me the next Morning after our Arrival at my Uncle's: Hither he came every Day to viſit me, whilſt we ſtayed in *London*. Once he brought his Brother, the Lord *Cranſtoun*, with him, who was then juſt married. One of Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s Viſits happening a little before Dinner, my Mother aſked her Brother, Mr. *Henry Stevens*, to invite him to dinner; but this Favour was refuſed her: On which, coming into the Dining-room, where ſhe found me and Mr. *Cranſtoun*, ſhe took him by the Hand, and burſt into Tears, ſaying, "My dear Mr. *Cran-* "*ſtoun*, I am ſorry you ſhould be ſo affronted by "any of my Family, but I dare not aſk you to "ſtay to dinner. However, continued ſhe, come "to me as often as you can in my own Apart- "ment; in a Morning I am always alone." To this Mr. *Cranſtoun* made anſwer, "My dear Mam- "ma, don't be uneaſy—I don't—come for the "Sake of them, but of you and your Daughter: "And let him put on never ſo terrible a Face, he "ſhall not keep me from you." At this Time

Mrs. *Pocock* was in Town, and had a Houſe in *St. James's-ſquare*, to which I uſed to go moſt Days. Hither Mr. *Cranſtoun* perpetually came, when he underſtood that I was here; and that with my Father's, who arrived in Town after we had reached it, and Mother's Conſent. Mrs. *Pocock* often aſked my Father, whilſt in *London*, to make one of the Party. But he anſwered her, "You keep ſuch "Quality Hours, as neither agree with my Health, "nor ſuit my Buſineſs; however, you will have "Two Parts of me, my Wife and my Daughter." "Yes, replied Mrs. *Pocock*, and not only theſe "Two, but likewiſe another Bit of you, which "will be coming ſoon." At this he ſmiled, and ſaid, "What *Cranſtoun!* a little Bit, indeed, I "think! They are very well matched—I was ſur-"priſed not to find him here—I thought they "could not have been ſo long aſunder." My Father went away, and left his Family there. The next Day my Mother and I were invited to dine at Mrs. *Pocock*'s, in order to meet the preſent Lord *Crauford*, then Lord *Garnock*, and Mr. *Cranſtoun*: The latter attended Mrs. *Pocock* in a Coach ſhe had hired to fetch me and my Mother into her Houſe. My Father met us in the *Strand*, and ſtopped the Coach, crying out, "For God's Sake, Mrs. *Po-*"*cock*, what do you with this Rubbiſh every Day?" "Rubbiſh do you call them, replied ſhe, your "Wife, your Daughter, and one who may be "your Son?" "Aye, aye, ſaid he, they are very "well matched; 'tis Pity they ſhould ever be aſun-"der." On which, Mr. *Cranſtoun* took hold of my Father's Hand, and cried out, "God grant "they never may; don't you ſay *Amen*, Papa?" At this my Father ſmiled, and ſaid, "Make her "theſe fine Speeches Seven Years hence." He then took his Leave of them, ſaying, "He had

"ſo

" ſo much Buſineſs upon his Hands, that he could " not ſtand idling there ;" bidding the Coachman to drive on, and crying out, " God bleſs you, I " wiſh you merry." Mrs. *Pocock* then aſked him, " If he could not contrive to come to them?" To which he made anſwer, alluding to the Diſtance of her Houſe, " God bleſs you, do you think I can " now come down to *Henley*?" Then our Coachman drove on to *St. James's-ſquare*; and ſoon after my Father left the Town, in order to return Home.

Whilſt I was now in *London*, Mr. *Cranſtoun* propoſed a private Marriage to me, ſaying, " It might " help us with regard to the Affair in *Scotland*; " ſince a real Marriage, according to the Uſage " of the Church of *England*, if Matters went hard, " might poſſibly invalidate a Contract that aroſe " only from Cohabitation." In order to underſtand which, it muſt be obſerved, that Mr. *Cranſtoun* had before cohabited with one Miſs *Murray*, by whom he had had a Child then living; and was conſequently conſidered, by the Laws of *Scotland*, as her Huſband. This, he ſaid, was the only thing that intituled her to him, as he never was married by any Prieſt. To Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s Propoſal I anſwered, " I won't, *Cranſtoun*, do you ſo " much Injury, as well as myſelf; for my Father " never will forgive it, nor give me a Farthing." To which he replied, " There will be no Occaſion " to diſcover it, but upon ſuch an intereſting Event; " and then ſurely, if you love me, you will ſuffer " any thing rather than part with me. — What " would not I ſuffer for you!" To this I made anſwer, " I would do nothing in the Affair with- " out he could procure the Advice of the beſt " Council, and be certainly informed by this that " ſuch a Marriage would be valid. Conſider with

" your-

" yourſelf, ſaid I, *Cranſtoun*, what a Condition I " ſhould be in, if I ſhould loſe my Character, my " Friends, and yourſelf?—And you I muſt loſe, " if your former ſuppoſed Marriage ſhould be de- " clared valid, and in Honour we muſt never ſee " each other more." He then ſaid, " He would " go and lay the Caſe immediately before the beſt " Council, particularly Mr. *Murray*, the Sollicitor " General." But I heard no more of this Affair whilſt we ſtaid in Town, excepting that it was laid before the ſaid Council; nor did I receive any more Sollicitations from him on this head.

About this Time my Mother being diſtreſſed for Money, was very uneaſy, as well as in a bad ſtate of Health; which gave me great Concern. Being one Day, therefore, alone, and in Tears, Mr. *Cranſtoun* came unexpectedly into the Room, and inſiſted upon knowing the Reaſon of my Grief; which at laſt, after many tender Perſuaſions on his Part, I diſcovered to him. I told him my Mother owed Forty Pounds, and as ſhe durſt not inform my Father of it, did not know which way to get it. To this he replied, " I only wiſh I had as many Hun- " dreds: I will get it for you, my dear, to-mor- " row. Poor Woman, how can her Huſband uſe " her ſo!" On which, my Mother coming in, no more was at that Time ſaid: Mr. *Cranſtoun* ſtayed but a little while; and when he went away, he told me, " He would ſee about it." After he was gone, I took my Mother in my Arms, and ſaid, " My dear Mamma, you may be eaſy about this " Money, for Mr. *Cranſtoun* will get it for you to- " morrow." At this my Mother burſt into Tears, and cried, " Why will Mr. *Blandy* expoſe himſelf " and me ſo? How can the poor Soul get it? But " he ſhall have my Watch, if ever he wants it, " and I cannot pay him in Money." To this I made

made anſwer, " As to paying him in Money, " Mamma, that you never can; having never been " Miſtreſs of ſuch a Sum, nor likely ever to be " ſo; but make yourſelf eaſy, if we meet, you " will never be aſked for it." The next Day ſhe and I went to ſee her Siſter, Mrs. *Frances Stevens*, who then lived with her Uncle, Mr. *Cary*, in *Watling-ſtreet*; where Mr. *Cranſtoun* and his Couſin, Mr. *Edmonſtoun*, took their Leave of us, we being to ſet out for *Henley* the Day following. Mr. *Cranſtoun* brought the Money with him, which he delivered into my Mother's own Hand; on which, not being able to ſpeak, ſhe ſqueezed his Hand, and burſt into Tears. He then kiſſed her, and ſaid, " Remember 'tis a Son, and therefore don't make " yourſelf uneaſy; you can't lie under any Obli- " gation to me." Then he took me by the Hand, and led me into another Room. Here I was going to return him Thanks for his Goodneſs to my Mother; but this he prevented, by kiſſing me, and ſaying, " That was all he deſired in Return." Then he gave me Five Guineas, and deſired me to keep them by me; ſince, in caſe the Council ſhould think a private Marriage proper, they would enable me to come up in a Poſt-Chaiſe to *London*, and meet him there, with all poſſible Expedition. After a little farther Diſcourſe, we parted in a very moving manner. I paid Ten Pounds for my Mother, out of the Forty Pounds ſhe had been ſupplied with by Mr. *Cranſtoun*, that very Night. The next Morning we ſet out for *Henley*, where we arrived in due Time. The Day following, being *Sunday*, I wrote to Mr. *Cranſtoun*, as he had requeſted me to do; giving him an Account of our ſafe Arrival, and thanking him in the ſtrongeſt Terms, for his late extraordinary Favour. The next Day, being *Monday*, the other Thirty Pounds, being the remaining

Part

Part of the Money my Mother had borrowed of Mr. *Cranſtoun*, ſhe paid to the Footman, for Fowls, Butter, Eggs, Wine, and other Proviſions, brought into the Houſe, chiefly on account of Entertainments, by him.

From this Time to *Sept.* 28th, 1749, my Mother continued in a good State of Health. But on that Day, which was about half a Year after her laſt Departure from *London*, at One o'Clock in the Morning, ſhe was taken very ill. This giving me, who always lay with her, great Uneaſineſs, I immediately got up, and called her Maid, who inſtantly appeared; and then ſhe got out of Bed, and retired. When ſhe came into Bed again, ſhe ſaid, "My dear *Molly*, don't fright yourſelf: You know "there is now no Danger." In order to underſtand which Words, it will be proper to obſerve, that, when my Mother was in Labour of me, ſhe received a Hurt; which made me apprehenſive of ill Conſequences, when either the Cholick, which was her preſent Diſorder, or any Obſtructions in the Parts contiguous to thoſe which are the Seat of that Diſtemper, happened. She lay pretty eaſy 'till Six, when I diſpatched a Meſſenger for Mr. *Norton*, the Apothecary to the Family, who lived in *Henley*. When he came, ſhe complained of a Pain in her Bowels; upon which he took ſome Blood from her, and ordered her ſome gentle Phyſic. She ſeemed better after this, but nothing paſſed through her. It being *Friday*, and many Country gentlemen meeting to bowl at the *Bell-Inn*, the Rev. Mr. *Stevens* of *Fawley*, my Mother's Brother, came thither that Day, paid a Viſit to his Siſter, and found her greatly indiſpoſed. When he left the Room, in which ſhe lay, for ſhe kept her Bed, I followed him out, and aſked him, if he thought there was any Danger; telling him how ſhe then was, the

Manner

Manner in which ſhe was firſt ſeized, and what had been preſcribed her. As ſhe before had had ſeveral ſuch Fits of the Cholick, Mr. *Stevens* did not apprehend any immediate Danger. I ſaid, "If my "Mamma was not better ſoon, I would ſend for a "Phyſician." To which he replied, "You are "much in the right of it; but ſtay a little, and "ſee what Effects the Phyſic will have." He called again in the Evening, and found her better, tho' nothing had yet paſſed through her. About Twelve o'Clock at Night my Mother obliged me, who was then myſelf indiſpoſed, to get into another Bed; and promiſed to ſend to me, if ſhe found herſelf worſe. Soon after this, ſhe grew much worſe; but would not ſend to her Daughter, ſaying, "She would know her Fate too ſoon." She farther ſaid to Mr. *Norton*, who was then with her, "My Daughter loves me ſo well, that I wiſh my "Deceaſe may not be the Death of her." Between Five and Six o'Clock in the Morning, on *Saturday Sept.* 30th, 1749, my Mother's Maid came up to me, and told me, that, "If I would ſee my Mo-"ther alive, I muſt come immediately into her "Chamber." I leaped out of Bed, put on my Shoes, and one Petticoat only, and ran thither in the greateſt Confuſion imaginable. When my Mother ſaw me, ſhe put out her Hand, and ſaid, "Now, *Molly*, ſhew yourſelf a *Chriſtian*, and ſub-"mit to what God is pleaſed to order. I muſt "die, my Dear: God will enable you to bear it, "if you pray to Him." On which I turned about in a State of Diſtraction, ran to my Father's Room, and ſaid to him, "For God's Sake, Sir, come to "my Mother's Room: She is this Inſtant dying." Then I ran, with great Inquietude, into the Kitchen, where I found my Footman, and ſent him immediately to *Fawley* for the Rev. Mr. *Stevens*, my Uncle,

cle, and his Brother, Mr. *Henry Stevens*, of *Doctors-Commons*, who was then at his Houſe in *Henley*. I alſo, at the ſame Time, diſpatched a Meſſenger to Dr. *Addington*, who lived at *Reading*. After which I went up Stairs, and found my Father ſitting by my Mother's Bed-ſide. She took him and me both by the Hand, joining our Hands together, and ſaying to him, " Be both a Father and a Mother " to her: I have long tried and known her Tem- " per, Mr. *Blandy*. She is all your Heart can " wiſh for, and has been the beſt of Daughters to " me. Uſe her with a generous Confidence, " and ſhe will never abuſe it. She has ſet her " Heart upon *Cranſtoun*: When I am gone, let " no one ſet you againſt this Match." To theſe laſt Words Mr. *Blandy* immediately made Anſwer, " It ſhall not be my Fault, if this does not take " place; but they muſt ſtay, you know, till the un- " happy Affair in *Scotland* is decided." " God bleſs " you, reply'd ſhe, and thank you for that Promiſe; " God bleſs you, Mr. *Blandy*, for all your Kind- " neſſes to me and my Girl. God grant that you " may both live long, that you may be a Bleſſing " to each other. Whatever little Unkindneſſes may " have paſſed, I freely forgive you. Now, if you " pleaſe to go down, Mr. *Blandy*, for my Spirits fail " me." My Father then kiſſed her, and retired in Tears, ſaying, as he went, " The Doctor ſtill may " think of ſomething that may be of Service to " you." At this ſhe ſmiled, and ſaid, " Not with- " out you can give me a new In-ſide." When my Father was gone, my Mother took hold of my Hand, drew me to her, and kiſſed me. Taking Notice that I had no Cloaths on, ſhe ordered my Maid to bring 'em down, and dreſs me. This being done, ſhe ordered her Servants out of the Room; and told me, " ſhe had many Things, if her Strength

" would

" would permit, to ſay to me. Be ſure then," ſaid ſhe, " *Molly*, when I am gone, to remember the " Leſſons I have taught you. Be dutiful to your " Father; and if you think I have been ſometimes " a little hardly uſed, do not remember it in Wrath; " but defend my Character, if aſperſed. I owe ſome " more Money, *Molly*, God knows how you will " get it paid. I wiſh your Uncles would ſtand your " Friends. If your Father ſhould know it, I am " only fearful for you. Indeed, my Dear, I never " ſpent it in Extravagancies. I was in Hopes you " would have been married; I then would have " told your Father all, as I could have come " to you till his Paſſion had been over." On my being drowned in Tears, ſhe catched me in her Arms, and cried, " I leave the World with the " greateſt Pleaſure, only thee makes me ſorry to go. " Oh that I could but take you along with me!— " But then what would poor *Cranſtoun* do? Be ſure, " Child, you behave with Honour in that Affair; " don't, either thro' Intereſt or Terror, violate the " Promiſes you have made." To this I reply'd, " You may be ſure, Madam, I never will. I will " do all I can to act as you would wiſh your Daughter " to do. Oh Mamma, you have been the beſt of " Mothers to me! How can I ſurvive you, and go " thro' all the Miſeries I muſt meet with after your " Death, without a Friend to adviſe with on any " Emergency or Occaſion." " My Dear," returned ſhe, " your Uncle *John*, in Things you cannot ſpeak " to your Papa about, will help and adviſe you in " the tendereſt Manner; and you may repoſe an " abſolute Confidence in him."

Soon after Mr. *Stevens* of *Fawley* came, and I conducted him into my Mother's Chamber. At his Ap-

Approach to her, he was ſo overwhelmed with Grief, that he could not ſpeak a Word. She took him by the Hand, and ſaid, "I am glad to ſee you, my "dear Brother. You muſt help to comfort your "poor Niece, who will ſtand in need of your Aſſiſt-"ance. Never forſake her, my dear Brother. All "that gives me pain in Death is the leaving of her "behind me." Then turning to me, "Your Uncle "*Jack*, my Dear, will take care of you, and look "on you as his own." At which Mr. *Stevens* took hold of his Siſter's and Niece's Hands, and, with Tears, told 'em both he would. Then turning about, he aſked me if the Phyſician was not yet come? My Mother ſaid, "They would ſend for him, but "he could be of no Service to her;" giving her Brother at the ſame time ſuch Reaſons for her Deſpondency as convinced him, that there were little or no Hopes of her Recovery. He found himſelf ſo moved at this, that he was obliged to go down Stairs, and retire to my Father and Mr. *Henry Stevens*, who were at that Time both in the Parlour. The Phyſician, Dr. *Addington* of *Reading*, ſoon arrived, and went directly to my Mother's Room. When he came in, ſhe ſhewed him the Inflammation and Swelling on her Bowels. He preſcribed her ſome Phyſic, to be taken once in every two Hours, and ordered her to be blooded immediately. Her Bowels alſo, according to his Direction, were to be fomented and poulticed once in every four Hours. This Operation I took upon myſelf, and punctually performed it. I alſo gave her every Medicine ſhe took till ſhe was at the Point of Death, and I myſelf was forced to be carried out of the Room in a Fit. Dr. *Addington*, before he preſcribed any thing, went with me out of the Room, and told me he was afraid he could do nothing for her; repeating the ſame afterwards both to my Father and my two Uncles.

Uncles.. Notwithſtanding which, he thought fit to order the above mentioned Poultices and Fomentations; which, according to his Direction, were applied, tho' without producing any good Effect. In fine, my dear Mother died *Sept.* 30, 1749, about Nine o'Clock at Night.

For ſix Months preceding her Sickneſs, or thereabouts, being the Interval between her laſt Departure from *London* and the Time her Indiſpoſition ſeized her, my Mother never ſaw Mr. *Cranſtoun*; tho' I conſtantly, and even almoſt every Poſt, correſponded with him. It muſt here be obſerved, that Lady *Cranſtoun* had wrote to my Mother ſome Time before, to return her Thanks for the Civilities her Son had received from her. It muſt alſo be remembered, that a little before my Mother went laſt to Town, I and my Father both received Letters from Miſs *Murray*, ſigned *N. Cranſtoun*, to inform us, that ſhe was his lawful Wife. The Decree of the Court of *Scotland* in her Favour was ſent with theſe Letters. When I received them, I carried them to my Father. After he had read them, I aſked him "what I was to do."—His Anſwer was, "I do not trouble my Head about it."—On which I went to my Mother, and conſulted with her about what was to be done; and, by her Advice, wrote to Mr. *Cranſtoun*, begging him, as he was a Man of Honour, to let me know the Truth. At the ſame Time, I ſent him the Letters that came from *Scotland*, and occaſioned this Epiſtle. In anſwer to this, he ſaid, "It was certainly her Hand; but that ſhe "never was his Wife, nor had any Right to the "Name:" And, in order to gain Credit to his Aſſertion, he made the ſtrongeſt Proteſtations. Before my Mother wrote laſt to him, and that a conſiderable Time, he had ſent me a ſolemn Contract of Marriage, wherein he declared he never had

been married before, and ſtiled me therein Mrs. *Cranſtoun*. But to put an End to this Digreſſion, and proceed to what happened after my Mother's Death:——

On the Day following her Deceaſe, which was *Sunday*, Mr. *Stevens* of *Fawley* was deſired to write Mr. *Cranſtoun* Word of this ſorrowful Event; which he did, I being incapable of either knowing or doing any thing. Mrs. *Stevens*, the Rev. Mr. *Stevens*'s Wife, ſtaid with me from *Saturday* Night, when my Mother died, till the *Sunday* Night following. Then Mrs. *Mounteney*, a Friend of my late Mother's, came to me, and ſtaid with me ſome Time. My Mother, on her Death-bed, had begged me not to oppoſe the Match between my Father and this Mrs. *Mounteney*, if, after her Death, he diſcovered an Inclination to marry her; as ſhe was a Woman of Honour, and would uſe me well for her Sake. On the *Tueſday* following my Mother's Death, Mr. *Cranſtoun* ſent his Footman expreſs to *Henley*, with Letters to me and my Father. When my Father opened his Letter and read it, the Tears ran down his Cheeks, and he cried out, "How tenderly does he write!" Then he gave Mrs. *Mounteney* the Letter to read, who, after having read it, ſaid it was as pretty a Letter as could have been wrote on ſuch an Occaſion: "He has loſt a Friend "indeed, ſaid ſhe, but I don't doubt, ſpeaking to "my Father, but you will make up her Loſs to "them both." Then my Father ſaid to me, "Pray read your Letter to us." This I did, and the Letter contained an earneſt Deſire, that if I could not write myſelf, I would let his Footman ſee me, that he might know how I really was; ſince he was almoſt diſtracted for fear of my being ill after ſo great a Shock. He alſo begged me to remember, "That there was one left ſtill, who loved

" me as tenderly as my Mother could do, and " whoſe whole Happineſs in this World depended " upon my Life." My Father told me, tho' my Mother was to be buried that Night, " I muſt write " a Line to him, in order to eaſe the poor Soul as " much as I could; and let him know, that he was " as welcome to my Father's Houſe, whenever " he would pleaſe to come, as he was before." On this I wrote to him, and ſhewed the Letter to my Father. The Footman ſet out with it for *London* the ſame Night, or very early the next Morning. Mr. *Cranſtoun* not coming down ſo ſoon as was expected, my Father one Day, being alone with me, ſeemed to expreſs himſelf as if he thought it wrong: Upon which I wrote a very preſſing Letter to him, to come immediately to *Henley*. To this he in a Letter replied, that he was not able to go out at that Time for Debt, and was fearful if he ſhould come, the Bailiffs might follow him; his Fortune being ſeized in *Scotland*, for the Maintenance of Miſs *Murray* and her Child. The Debt that occaſioned this Perplexity, he ſaid, was near Fifteen Guineas. I having borrowed Forty Pounds of Mrs. *Mountney*, to pay off Part of my Mother's Debts, ſent him up Fifteen Guineas out of this Sum; on which he came down to *Henley*, and ſtaid ſome Weeks with my Father, who received him with great Marks of Affection and Eſteem.

During this Interval, he acquainted me with the great Skill of the famous Mrs. *Morgan*, who had deſcribed me and my Father, tho' ſhe had never ſeen us, in the moſt perfect and ſurprizing Manner poſſible. He further acquainted me, that ſhe had given him ſome Powders to take, which ſhe called Love-powders. Some Time after this Converſation, my Father ſeemed much out of Humour, and ſaid ſeveral unkind Things, both to Mr. *Cranſtoun*

and me. This induced Mr. *Cranſtoun*, when alone with me not long after, to ſay, "I wiſh I could give "your Father ſome of the Love-powders." "For "what?" ſaid I. "Becauſe, replied he, they "would make him love me." "Are you weak "enough, ſaid I, to think that there is ſuch a "Power in any Powders?" "Yes, I really do, "replied he, for I took them myſelf, and forgave "a Friend ſoon after; tho' I never intended to "have ſpoke to him again." This Subject was dropped for ſome Days, and no more ſaid of it: But on my Father's being very much out of Humour one Night, Mr. *Cranſtoun* ſaid, "If I had any of "theſe Powders, I would put them into ſomething "that Mr. *Blandy* ſhould drink." To which I an- "ſwered, "I am glad you have not, for I have "no Faith in ſuch Things." "But I have," replied he. Juſt before he returned to *London*, he received a dunning Letter. This was on a *Sunday*, when my Father was at Church. I perceiving him to look dull, begged to know the Reaſon. He ſaid he muſt leave me the next Day. On which I aſked him what could occaſion ſuch a ſudden Departure? He then told me he had received a Letter, concerning a Debt he owed, that he had no Money to pay; and that if he ſtaid in *Henley*, the Bailiffs might come down in queſt of him thither: And you know your Father's Temper, ſaid he, if that ſhould happen. This induced me to deſire a Sight of the Letter; which having peruſed, I immediately gave him the Money he wanted on this Occaſion, which amounted to Fifteen Pounds, and was Part of the Sum I had before borrowed of Mrs. *Mounteney*. This, with the other Fifteen Pounds ſent him from *Henley*, made up Thirty of the Forty Pounds he had formerly lent my Mother. As ſoon as he had received this Money, he wrote a Letter to his Creditor

ditor in *London*, informing him, that he would pay him on a Day therein mentioned. A few Days after this, he ſet out for *London*, and kept up his Correſpondence with me for ſeveral Months, not returning to *Henley* till *Auguſt* 1750. The Morning he left *Henley*, my Father parted with him with the greateſt Tenderneſs; yet the Moment he was gone, he uſed me very cruelly on his Account. This had ſuch an Effect upon me, that it threw me into Hyſteric Fits. His Conduct for ſome Time was very uncertain; ſometimes extremely tender, and at other Times the reverſe; he on certain Occaſions ſaying very bitter and cruel Things to me.

During this Interval, my Father received a Preſent of ſome dried Salmon from Lady *Cranſtoun* in *Scotland*, and a very civil Letter, which he did not anſwer, tho' he ſeemed pleaſed with the Contents of it. The firſt of *Auguſt* 1750, as I apprehend, Mr. *Cranſtoun* wrote to my Father, that he would wait upon him, and I carried the Letter up to him, he then being in his Bed-Chamber. After he had opened and read it, he made no manner of anſwer. I then aſked him what Anſwer I ſhould write. To which he replied, "He muſt come, I ſuppoſe." On this I wrote to him, giving him to underſtand, that I ſhould be glad to ſee him. This produced an Anſwer from him, wherein he told me, he would be with me on the *Monday* following; but he came on *Sunday*, whilſt we were at dinner. My Father received him with great Tenderneſs ſeemingly, and ſaid, "He was ſorry he had not ſeen "him half an Hour ſooner, for he was afraid the "Dinner was quite cold." My Father after Dinner went to Church, and left Mr. *Cranſtoun* and me together: After Church was over, my Father returned, drank Tea with us, and ſeemed to be in

perfect good Humour; and so he remained for several Weeks; but afterwards changed so much in his Temper, that I seldom arose from Table without Tears. This gave Mr. *Cranstoun* great Pain; so that he one Time said to me, "Why will you not "permit me to give your Father some of the "Powders which I formerly mentioned? If I was "to give him them, continued he, they are quite "innocent, and will do him no Harm, if they "did not produce the desired Effect." He had no sooner spoke these Words, than my Father came in; upon which a profound Silence ensued. Next Morning I went into my Father's Study, and found him very much out of Humour: He had spent the Evening at the Coffee-house, as he frequently did, and generally came Home in a bad Humour from thence. I went from him into the Parlour, where I found Mr. *Cranstoun*. He insisted upon knowing what was the Matter, I appearing to him to have been lately in Tears: I told him the whole Affair. He replied, "I hate he should go to that House, "he always comes Home from thence in a very "ill Humour." I had made the Tea, and got up to fetch some Sugar, which was in a glass Scrutore at the farther End of the Room; and when I rose up, Mr. *Cranstoun* said to me, "I will now "put in some of the Powder,—upon my Soul it "will not hurt him." My Father was in his Study at the Time these Words were spoken: I made answer, "Don't do it, *Cranstoun*; it will "make me uneasy, and can do you no good." To this he replied, "It can do no hurt, and there- "fore I will mix it." After I had got the Sugar, I returned to the Tea-Table, and was going to throw away the Tea, in which Mr. *Cranstoun* had put some of the Powder; but my Father came in that Moment, and prevented me from executing

my

my Deſign. My Father ſeemed very much out of Humour all Breakfaſt-time; and, ſoon after Breakfaſt was over, retired to his Study. Mr. *Cranſtoun* and I then took a Walk. At Dinner my Father appeared in the beſt of Humours, and continued ſo all the Time Mr. *Cranſtoun* ſtayed with him. Mr. *Cranſtoun* and I uſed to walk out every Day. On one of thoſe Days, Mr. *Cranſtoun* told me, he had a Secret to impart to me, and begg'd me not to be angry with him for it; adding, he knew I had too much good Senſe to be ſo. The Secret in ſhort was this: He had had a Daughter by one Miſs *Capel*, a Year before he knew me; and, as he pretended, all his Friends had inſiſted upon his telling me of it. To this I replied, "Your Follies, *Cranſtoun*, have been very great; but I "hope you ſee them." "That I do, ſaid he, "with Penitence and Shame." "Then, Sir, re"plied I, I freely forgive you; but never ſhall, "if you repeat theſe Follies now after our Ac"quaintance." "If I do, ſaid he, I muſt be a "Villain; you alone can make me happy in this "World; and, by following your Example, I "hope I ſhall be happy in the next." Mr. *Cranſtoun* gave my Father the Powder in *Auguſt* 1750, and ſtayed with him in *Henley*, as I believe, till ſome Day in the beginning of *November*, the ſame Year. A Day or Two after the preceding Dialogue, one Morning I got up, and aſked my Maid, "How Mr. *Cranſtoun* did?" Who anſwered, "He "is gone out a walking, Madam." Upon this, I, as ſoon as I was dreſt, went up into Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s Room, to look out his Linnen for my Maid to mend. I could not find it on the Table, where it uſed to lie; and ſeeing a Key in his Trunk, I opened it. The firſt Thing I found there was, a Letter from a Hand I knew not, tho' he uſed al-

ways to give me his Letters to open, and that unaſked by me. This I opened to read, and found it to come from a Woman he kept. Having read it, I ſhut the Trunk, locked it faſt, and put the Key in my Pocket. The Letter I left in the ſame Place where I found it. I then went down to my Father in his Study, and aſked him to come to Breakfaſt. He ſaid, "No, not till *Cranſtoun* returns home;" on which I retired into the Parlour. A few Minutes after, Mr. *Cranſtoun* and Mr. *Littleton*, my Father's Clerk, both came in together. We all of us then went to Breakfaſt. My Father ſaid to me, ſoon after we ſat down, "You look very pale, *Molly*; "what is the Matter with you?" "I am not very "well, Sir," replied I. After we had breakfaſted, my Father and his Clerk went together out of the Room. I then gave Mr. *Cranſtoun* the Key of his Trunk, and bad him be more careful for the future, and not leave his Letters ſo much expoſed. At theſe Words he almoſt fainted away. He got up, and retired to his Room immediately. I was going to my own Room, when he called to me, and begged me, for God's Sake, to come to him; which I inſtantly did. He then fell down on his Knees before me, and begged me, for God's Sake, to forgive him; if I was reſolved to ſee him no more. On this, I told him I forgave him, but intreated him to make ſome Excuſe to leave *Henley* the next Day. "For I will not," ſaid I, "expoſe you, if I can "help it; and our Affair may ſeem to go off by "Degrees." The laſt Words, ſeemingly, ſo confounded him, that he made me no Anſwer, but threw himſelf on the Bed, crying out, "I am ruin-"ed, I am ruined. Oh *Molly*, you never loved "me!" I then was upon the Point of going out of the Room, without giving him any Anſwer.

Upon

Upon which he got hold of my Gown, and ſwore, "He would not live till Night, if I did not forgive "him." He bad me, "Remember my Mother's "laſt dying Commands, and reflect upon the Pain "it would give his Mother." He proteſted, "That "he could never forgive himſelf, if I did; and that "he never would repeat the ſame Provocations." He kept me then two Hours, before he could prevail upon me to declare, that I would not break off my Acquaintance with him. Mr. *Cranſtoun* pretended to be ſick two or three Days upon this unlucky Event; but I cannot help thinking this now to have been only a Deluſion. Some Time after this Mr. *Cranſtoun* had a Letter from his Brother, the Lord *Cranſtoun*, to deſire him to come immediately to *Scotland*, in order to ſettle ſome of his own Affairs there, and to ſee his Mother, the Lady *Cranſtoun*, who was then extremely ill. Upon the Arrival of this Letter, Mr. *Cranſtoun* ſaid to me, "Good "God, what ſhall I do! I have no Money to carry "me thither, and all my Fortune is ſeized on, but "my Half-Pay!" This made me very uneaſy. He then ſaid, "He would part with his Watch, in or"der to enable him to raiſe a Sum ſufficient to de"fray the Expence of his Journey to *Scotland*." I told him, "I had no Money to give him, but "would freely make him a Preſent of my own "Watch; as I could not bear to ſee him without "one." Then I took a Picture of himſelf, which he had ſome Time before given me, off my Watch, and freely made him a Preſent of it. Two Days after this he departed for *Scotland*, and I never afterwards ſaw him. He ſet out about Six o'Clock in the Morning. My Father got up early that Morning to take Leave of him before his Departure, at at which he ſeem'd vaſtly uneaſy. He took him in

his

his Arms, and said, "God bless you, my dear *Cran-*
"*stoun*, when you come next, I hope your unhappy
"Affair will be decided to our mutual Satisfacti-
"on." To this Mr *Cranstoun* replied, "Yes, Sir,
"I hope in my Favour; or if this should fail,
"that you should hear of my Death. Be tender
"to," continued he, "and comfort this poor
"Thing," turning towards me, "whom I love
"better than myself." Then my Father took Mr.
Cranstoun and myself in his Arms, and we all three
shed Tears. This was a very moving Scene. My
Father afterwards went out of the Room, and
fetched a Silver Dram-Bottle, holding near Half a
Pint, filled it with Rum, and made a Present of
both to Mr. *Cranstoun*; bidding him keep the Dram-
Bottle for his Sake, and drink the Liquor on the
Road; assuring him, that if he found himself sick
or cold, the latter would prove a Cordial to him.
Mr. *Cranstoun* then got into the Post-Chaise, and
took his Leave of *Henley*.

It will be proper to take Notice in this Place, by
way of Digression, of a very remarkable Event,
or rather Series of Events, that happened before
Mr. *Cranstoun*'s last Departure for *Scotland*: One
Day whilst my Mother and I were last in *London*,
we were talking of the Immortality of the Soul;
and the Subject we were then upon led us insen-
sibly to a Discourse of Apparitions; and that again
to a Promise we made each other, that the first of
us who died should appear to the Surviver, after
Death, if permitted so to do. My Mother dying
first, in the Manner already related, I sometimes
retired into the Room where she died, in Hopes of
seeing her. Here I lay near Half a Year, earnest-
ly desiring to see my Mother, without being able
either to see or hear any Thing. After this, my

Fa-

Father lay in that Room; but for ſome Time neither ſaw nor heard any Thing. Afterwards, one Night, he taxed me with being at his Chamber-Door, rapping at it, ruſhing with my Silk-Gown, and refuſing to anſwer him when he called to me. My Chamber was at a ſmall Diſtance from his, and into it he came the next Morning; demanding for what Reaſon I had ſo frighted him. To this I replied, "I had never been at his Door, nor out of my Bed the whole Night." He then inquired of all the Maids, who only lay in the Houſe, whether any of them diſturbed him; to which they all anſwered in the Negative. Soon after this, Mr. *Cranſtoun* came to *Henley*, as has been already obſerved, and was put into a Room, called the *Hall-Chamber*, over the great Parlour; which was reckoned the beſt in the Houſe. Here he was ſhut out from the reſt of the Family. Till *October* 1750, above a Year after my Mother's Death, no Noiſe at all was heard, excepting that at Mr. *Blandy*'s Chamber-Door abovementioned. But one Morning in the beginning of that Month, Mr. *Cranſtoun* being in the Parlour, I aſked him, "What made "him look ſo pale, and to ſeem ſo uneaſy?" "I "have met, ſaid he, with the oddeſt Accident this "Night that ever befel me: The Moment I got "into Bed, I heard the fineſt Muſic that can poſ-"ſibly be imagined. I ſat up in my Bed upon "this, to hear from whence it came; and it ſeem-"ed to me to come from the Middle of the Stairs. "It continued, as I believe, at leaſt above Two "Hours." At this I laughed, and ſaid, "Oh "*Cranſtoun*, how can you be ſo whimſical?" "'Tis "no Whim, replied he, for I really heard it; nor "had I been aſleep; for it began ſoon after I got "into Bed." I then ſaid, "Don't make your-

"ſelf

" ſelf uneaſy, if it was ſo; ſince nothing ill, ſure, " can be preſaged by Muſic." When my Father came into the Parlour, this Topic of Converſation was inſtantly dropped. The next Night, I, who lay quite at the other End of the Houſe, being awake, heard Muſic, that ſeemed to me to be in the Yard, exceeding plainly. Upon this, I got up, and looked out of the Window that faced the Yard, but ſaw nothing. The Muſic, however, continued till near Morning, when I fell aſleep, and heard no more of it. My Mother's Maid coming into my Chamber, as uſual, to call me, I told her what I heard. This drew from her the following ſaucy Anſwer: " You ſee and hear, Madam, with " Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s Eyes and Ears." To which I made no other Reply than, " Go, and ſend me my " own Maid." As ſoon as I was dreſſed, I went into Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s Room, whom I found ſitting therein by the Fire. I aſked him, at my firſt coming into the Room, " How he had ſpent the Night, " and whether he had heard the Muſic?" To which he replied, " Yes, all Night long; I could " not ſleep a Wink for it; nay, I got out of my " Bed, and followed it into the great Parlour, where " it left me. I then returned into my own Room, " and heard ſuch odd Noiſes in the Parlour under " me, as greatly diſcompoſed me." " I wiſh, " added he, you would ſend me up a Baſon of " Tea." To which I replied, " Pray come down, " as you are now up; for you know my Papa is " better tempered when you are by, than when I " am with him alone." We then both went down to Breakfaſt, but ſaid nothing to my Father of what had happened.

A little while after this, *Suſannah Gunnel*, my Mother's Maid, who had before given me the impertinent Anſwer, came into my Bed-Chamber before

fore I was up, and told me ſhe had heard the Muſic. She alſo begged my Pardon for not believing me, when I had formerly aſſerted the ſame Thing. Mr. *Cranſtoun*, myſelf, and this Maid then talked all together about this ſurprizing Event. Mr. *Cranſtoun* declared he had heard Noiſes, as well as Muſic, which the other two at that Time never had. The Muſic generally began about Twelve o'Clock at Night. My Father obliging the Family to be in Bed about Eleven, I told the aforeſaid Maid, who was an old Servant in the Family, "That ſhe and "I would go together up into Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s "Room at Twelve o'Clock, and try if we could "find out what theſe Noiſes were." According to Agreement, therefore, we went up into that Room at the Hour propoſed; and heard very clearly and moſt diſtinctly the Muſic. The Maid fell aſleep about Three o'Clock in the Morning; but was ſoon waked with an uncommon Noiſe, heard both by Mr. *Cranſtoun* and myſelf. This Noiſe reſembled Thumping or Knocking at a Door, which greatly terrified Mr. *Cranſtoun*, and the Maid. In leſs than a Minute after this, we all three heard plainly the Footſteeps of my Mother, as I then apprehended, by which ſhe ſeemed to be going down Stairs towards the Kitchin-Door, which ſoon after ſeemed to be opened. We all three ſat ſilent, and heard the ſame inviſible Being come up Stairs again. Upon this, I took the Candle, they ſtill ſitting by the Fire, and was going to open the Chamber Door, ſaying, "Surely it muſt be one of the Maids." Mr. *Cranſtoun* obſerving this, cried out, "Perhaps it may be "your Father, don't let him ſee you here." Then he took the Candle, opened the Door, and looked down the Stairs himſelf; but could perceive nothing at all. In leſs than three Minutes after this, I ſaid, "I will now go into my Room to Bed, being fa-

" tigued and frighted almoſt to Death." I believe, continued I, " it is near Four." Theſe Words were no ſooner uttered than we all heard the former Footſteps, as tho' ſome Perſon had been coming directly to the Room where we were, but ſtopped ſhort at the Door. Upon this I immediately catched up the Candle, went to the Door and open'd it; but ſaw nothing, tho' I heard ſomething plainly go down the Stairs. Then I went to the Maid, who was half aſleep, and did not perfectly hear the laſt Footſteps. But Mr. *Cranſtoun* heard them, and ſeemed greatly ſurprized. Then I bad the Maid go with me inſtantly to Bed, not being able to keep up my Spirits any longer. Soon after this, Mr. *Cranſtoun* and I went up to *Fawley*, to pay a Viſit to the Rev. Mr. *Stevens*; and whilſt we were there, I gave my Uncle an Account of this ſurprizing Affair. But he laughed at me, and called me little Fool, for my Pains. Then Mr. *Cranſtoun* ſaid, " Sir, I myſelf heard it." To which Mr. *Stevens* made no other Reply than, " Sir, I don't doubt you think you heard it; but don't you believe there is a great deal in Fancy? May it not be ſome Trick of the Servants?" To which I made anſwer, " No, Sir, that is impoſſible; ſince if they could make the Noiſe, they could not the Muſic." Mr. *Stevens* not giving much Credit to what we affirmed, we immediately changed the Subject of Diſcourſe. By this Time all the Servants that lay in the Houſe had heard both the Muſic and Noiſe; and one Morning at Breakfaſt, Mr. *Cranſtoun* ventured to tell my Father of the Muſic. At ſuch a ſtrange Report, my Father ſtared at him, and cried, " Are " you light-headed?" In anſwer to which Mr. *Cranſtoun* reply'd, " Your Daughter, Sir, has heard " the ſame, and ſo have all your Servants." To this my Father, ſmiling, returned, " It was *Scotch* " Muſic,

" Muſic, I ſuppoſe;" and ſaid ſome other Things that ſhewed he was not in a good Humour. Upon which it was thought fit immediately to drop the Diſcourſe.

Some few Days after this, on a *Sunday* in the Afternoon, Mr. *Cranſtoun* and I being alone in the Parlour, *Betty Binfield*, the Cook-maid, came running into the Room, and ſaid, " There is ſuch a " Noiſe in the Room over my Maſter's Study, for " God's Sake come into the Yard and hear it." But when we came, we could hear nothing. However, returning into the Parlour through the Hall, we heard a Noiſe over our Heads, like that of ſome heavy Perſon walking. The Room over the Hall was once my Mother's Dreſſing-room, tho' it then had a Bed in it: But, now it was my Dreſſing-room, it had none at all. Hearing the Noiſe, we both went up into the Room; but then, notwithſtanding the late Noiſe, could ſee nothing at all. After which, we went down and drank Tea with my Father.

About a Fortnight before Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s laſt Departure for *Scotland*, *Suſannah Gunnel* one Morning going into his Room with ſome Vinegar and Water to waſh his Eyes, he aſked her, " If ever her Maſter " walked in his Sleep?" She replied, " Not that " ſhe ever knew of." " It is very odd, ſaid he, he " was in my Room To-night, dreſſed with his white " Stockings, his Coat on, and a Cap on his Head. " I had never, continued he, been aſleep, and the " Clock had juſt ſtruck Two. I heard him walk " up my Stairs, open the Door, and come into the " Room: Upon which I moved my Curtain, and " ſeeing him, I cried out, *Aha! old Friend, what* " *did you come to fright me? I have not been aſleep* " *ſince I came to Bed, and heard you come up.*" But " he went on, he would not anſwer me one Word.

" How-

" However, he walked quite acroſs my Room, then " turned back, and as he approached my Bed-ſide, " kiſſed his Hand, bowed, and went out of the " Room: Then I heard him go down Stairs. " It was certainly, continued he, your Maſter, " ſleeping or waking; but which, I cannot tell." *Suſan*, greatly ſurprized at this Story, then came running down to me, who was getting up, and told me what Mr. *Cranſtoun* had ſaid. To this I made no Anſwer, but went up immediately into his Room, and aſked him what he meant by this Story *Suſan* had told me. In anſwer to which, he repeated the ſame Story, and declared it to be true in every Particular. He then ſaid, " He ſuppoſed Mr. " *Blandy* came to ſee whether he was in Bed or no." When he went down to Breakfaſt, he aſked my Father, " What made him fright him ſo laſt Night?" My Father being ſurprized at this, and ſtaring on him, aſked him, " What he meant?" Mr. *Cranſtoun* then told the ſame Story over again. To which my Father replied, " It muſt have been a Dream, " for I went to Bed at Eleven o'Clock, and did not " riſe out of it till Seven this Morning. Beſides, I " could not have appeared in my Coat, as you pre- " tend, ſince the Maid had it to put a Button upon " it." My Father did not ſeem pleaſed with the Diſcourſe; which induced me to put an End to it as ſoon as poſſible. The ſurprizing Facts here mentioned, of the Reality of which I cannot entertain the leaſt Doubt, made a deep and laſting Impreſſion upon my Mind. Since, therefore, in my Opinion, they were too ſlightly touched upon at my Trial, notwithſtanding the Incredulity of the preſent Age as to Facts of this Nature, I could by no Means think it improper to give ſo particular and diſtinct a Relation of them here.

Mr.

Mr. *Cranſtoun*, ſoon after this, taking his Leave of *Henley*, ſet out for *Scotland*, as has been already obſerved. A Day or two after his Departure, Mr. *Cranſtoun* wrote me a Letter on the Road, wherein he begged me to make acceptable to my Father his moſt grateful Acknowledgements for his late Goodneſs to him. "This, he ſaid, had made ſuch an "Impreſſion upon him, that he never ſhould for-"get it as long as he lived; and that he ſhould al-"ways entertain the ſame tender Sentiments for "him as for his Father, the late Lord *Cranſtoun* "himſelf, had he been then alive." In the ſame Letter, he alſo deſired me to permit my Letters to be directed by ſome body who wrote a more maſculine Hand than mine; ſince otherwiſe they might be intercepted by ſome one or other of Miſs *Murray's* Family, as they were jealous of the Affair carried on between us two. He likewiſe therein inſiſted upon my ſubſcribing myſelf *M. C.* inſtead of *M. B.* tho' he did not diſcover to me the real View he had therein. Soon after he arrived at his Mother's, he wrote me another Letter, wherein he informed me, that he told his Mother we were married, and had been ſo for ſome Time; and that ſhe would write to me, as her Daughter, by the very next Poſt. This ſhe did; and her Letter came accompanied with one from her Son, wherein he deſired me, if I loved him, to anſwer his Mother's by the Return of the Poſt, and ſign myſelf *Mary Cranſtoun* at length, as I knew before God I was, by a ſolemn Contract, intitled to that Name. This, he pretended, would make his Mother ſtir more in the *Scotch* Affair. On the Suppoſition that I was her Daughter, ſhe wrote many tender Letters to me, always directing to me by the Name of *Mary Cranſtoun*, and ſent me ſome very handſome Preſents of *Scotch* Linen. He alſo obliged his eldeſt Siſter, Mrs. *Selby*, and her Huſ-

band, to write to me as their Sister. Lady *Cranſtoun* likewiſe wrote to my Father in a very complaiſant Style, thanking him for the Civilities he had ſhewn her Son; and hinting, that ſhe hoped it would be in her Power to return them to me, when ſhe ſhould have the Pleaſure of ſeeing me in *Scotland*, which ſhe begged might be ſoon. Lord *Cranſtoun*, his Brother, alſo wrote to my Father, and returned him Thanks in the ſame polite Manner. During this whole Period, my Father's Behaviour to me was very uncertain; but always good after he had received any of theſe Letters. In a few Months, however, after Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s Departure, my Father's Temper was much altered for the worſe. He upbraided me with having rejected much better Offers than any that had come from *Scotland*; and at laſt ordered me to write to Mr. *Cranſtoun* not to return to *Henley*, till his Affair with Miſs *Murray* was quite decided. I complied with this Order, writing to him in the Terms preſcribed me. To this I received an Anſwer full of Tenderneſs, Grief, and Deſpair. He ſaid, "He found my Father loved "him no longer, and was afraid he would inſpire "me with the ſame Sentiments. He ſaw, he ſaid, "a Coolneſs throughout my whole Letter; but con"jured me to remember the ſacred Promiſes and "Engagements that had paſſed between us." After this, I received ſeveral other Letters from him, filled with the ſame ſort of Expoſtulations, and penned in the ſame deſponding and diſconſolate Strain. I likewiſe received ſeveral Letters from his Mother, the old Lady *Cranſtoun*, and Mrs. *Selby*, his Siſter, wrote in a moſt affectionate Style.

In *April*, or the Beginning of *May*, 1751, as I apprehend, I had another Letter from Mr. *Cranſtoun*, wherein he acquainted me, that he had ſeen his old Friend, Mrs. *Morgan*; and that if he could pro-

cure any more of her Powder, he would ſend it with the *Scotch* Pebbles he intended to make me a Preſent of. In anſwer to this, I told him, "I was "ſurprized that a Man of his Senſe could believe "ſuch Efficacy to be lodged in any Powder what-"ſoever; and that I would not give it my Father, "leſt it ſhould impair his Health." To this, in his next Letter, he replied, "That he was ex-"tremely ſurprized I ſhould believe he would ſend "any Thing that might prove prejudicial to my "Father, when his own Intereſt was ſo apparently "concerned in his Preſervation." I took this as referring to a Converſation we had had a little before he ſet out for *Scotland*; wherein I told him, "I was "ſure my Father was not a Man of a very conſi-"derable Fortune; but that if he lived, I was per-"ſuaded he would provide very handſomely for us "and ours, as he lived ſo retired, and his Buſineſs "was every Day increaſing." So far was I from imagining, that I ſhould be a Gainer by my Father's Death, as has been ſo maliciouſly and uncharitably ſuggeſted! Mr. *Cranſtoun* alſo ſeemed moſt cordially and ſincerely to join with me in the ſame Notion. Soon after this, in another Letter, he informed me, "That ſome of the aforeſaid Powder ſhould be "ſent with the *Scotch* Pebbles he intended me; and "that he ſhould write upon the Paper in which the "Powder was contained, *Powder to clean* Scotch "*Pebbles*, leſt, if he gave it its true Name, the "Box ſhould be opened, and he be laughed at by "the Perſon opening it, and taken for a ſuperſti-"tious Fool, as he had been by me before." In *June* 1751, the Box with the Powder and Pebbles arrived at *Henley*, and a Letter came to me the next Day, wherein he ordered me to mix the Powder in Tea. This ſome Mornings after I did; but finding that it would not mix well with Tea, I flung the

Liquor into which it had been thrown out of the Window. I farther declare, that looking into the Cup, I ſaw nothing adhere to the Sides of it; nor was ſuch an Adheſion probable, as the Powder ſwam on the Top of the Liquor. My Father drank two Cups of Tea out of that Cup, before I threw the Powder into it: Nor did he drink any more out of it that Morning, it being *Sunday*, and he fearing to drink a third Cup, leſt he ſhould be too late for Church. It has been ſaid by *Suſan Gunnel*, at my Trial, that ſhe drank out of the aforeſaid Cup, and was very ill after it. In anſwer to which, I muſt beg Leave to obſerve, that ſhe never before would drink out of any other Cup, than one which ſhe called her own, different from this, and which I drank out of on that and moſt other Mornings. It has been farther ſaid, that Dame *Emmet*, a Chairwoman, was likewiſe hurt by drinking Tea at my Father's Houſe; Be pleaſed to remember, Reader, that I mixed it but in one Cup, and then threw it away. *Suſan* ſaid, ſhe drank out of the Cup and was ill, what then could hurt this Woman, who to my Knowledge was not at our Houſe that Day? Mr. *Nicholas*, an Apothecary, attended this old Woman in the firſt Sickneſs they talk of, which, by *Suſan*, I underſtood was a Weakneſs common to her, *viz.* fainting Fits and Purging; and I know, that ſhe had had fainting Fits many Times before. When I heard ſhe was ill, I ordered *Suſan* to ſend her Whey, Broth, or any Thing that ſhe thought would be proper for her. She had long ſerved the Family, would joke and divert me, and I loved her extremely. Nor can my Enemies themſelves (let them paint me how they pleaſe) deny, that from my Heart I pitied the Poor. I never felt more Pleaſure, than when I fed the Hungry, cloathed the Naked, and ſupplied the

Wants

Wants of thoſe in Diſtreſs. Had God bleſſed me with a more plentiful Fortune, I ſhould have exerted myſelf in this more; and I flatter myſelf, that the Poor and Indigent of our Town will do me Juſtice in this Particular, and own that I was not wanting in my Duty towards them. But to proceed in my Account: I would not fix on any other Chairwoman; and *Suſan* ſaid, that Dame *Emmet* would, ſhe thought, by my Goodneſs, ſoon get Strength to work again. I told her, was it ever ſo long I would ſtay for her. I mixed the Powder, as was ſaid before, on the *Sunday*, and on the *Tueſday* wrote to Mr. *Cranſtoun*, that it would not mix in Tea, and that I would not try it any more, leſt my Father ſhould find it out. This has been brought againſt me by many; But let any one conſider, if the Diſcovery of ſuch a Procedure as this, would not have excited Anger, and conſequently have been followed by Reſentment in my Father. This might have occaſioned a total Separation of me from Mr. *Cranſtoun*, a Thing I at that Time dreaded more than even Death itſelf. In anſwer to this Letter, I had one from him to aſſure me the Powder was innocent, and to beg I would give it in Gruel, or ſomething thicker than Tea. Many more Letters to the ſame Effect I received, before I would give it again; but moſt fatally, on the 5th of *Auguſt*, I gave it to my poor Father, innocent of the Effects it afterwards produced, God knows; not ſo ſtupid as to believe it would have that deſired, to make him kind to us; but in Obedience to Mr. *Cranſtoun*, who ever ſeemed ſuperſtitious to the laſt Degree, and had, as I thought, and have declared before, all the juſt Notions of the Neceſſity of my Father's Life for him, me, and ours. On the *Monday* the 5th, as has been ſaid, I mixed the Powder in his Gruel, and at Night it was in a half-pint Mug, ſet

ready for him to carry to Bed with him. It had no Taſte.—The next Morning, as he had done at Dinner the Day before, he complained of a Pain in his Stomach, and the Heart-burn; which he ever did before he had the Gravel. I ſent for Mr. *Norton* at Eleven o'Clock in the Forenoon, who ſaid, that a little Phyſick would be right for my Father to take on *Wedneſday*. At Night he ordered ſome Water-gruel for his Supper, which his Footman went for. When it came, my Father ſaid, taſte it *Molly*, has it not an odd Taſte? I taſted it, but found no Taſte different from what is to be found in all good Water-gruel. After this he went up to Bed, and my Father found himſelf ſick, and reached; after which he ſaid he was better, and I went up to Bed. *Suſan* gave him his Phyſick in the Morning, and I went into his Bed-chamber about Eight o'Clock; then I found him charming well. *Suſan* ſays, that on my Father's wanting Gruel on the *Wedneſday*, I ſaid, as they were buſy at ironing, they might give him ſome of the ſame he had before. I do not remember this; but if I did, it was impoſſible I ſhould know, that the Gruel he had on *Tueſday* was the ſame he had on *Monday*; as that he drank on *Monday* was made on *Saturday* or *Sunday*, I believe on *Saturday* Night; much leſs imagine, that ſhe whoever made it, and managed it as ſhe pleaſed, would pretend to keep ſuch ſtale Gruel for her Maſter. *Thurſday* and *Friday* he came down Stairs. I often aſked Mr. *Norton*, "If he "thought him in Danger: If he did, I would "ſend for Dr. *Addington*." On *Saturday* Mr. *Norton* told me, "he thought my Father in Danger." I ſaid, "I would ſend for the Doctor;" but he replied, "I had better aſk my Father's Leave." I bid him ſpeak to my Father about it, which he did; but my Father replied, "Stay till to-mor-

row,

" row, and if I am not better then, ſend for him." As ſoon as I was told this, I ſaid, " That would " not ſatisfy me; I would ſend immediately, which " I did; and Mr. *Norton* the Apothecary atteſted " this in Court." On the ſame Night, being *Saturday*, the Doctor came. I believe it was near Twelve o'Clock. He ſaw my Father, and wrote for him: He did not then apprehend his Caſe to be deſperate. I have been by this Gentleman blamed, for not telling then what I had given my Father. I was in Hopes that he would have lived, and that my Folly would never have been known: In order the more effectually to conceal which, the Remainder of the Powder I had, the *Wedneſday* before, thrown away, and burnt Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s Letter: So I had nothing to evince the Innocence of my Intention, and was moreover frightened out of my Wits. Let the good-natured Part of the World put themſelves in my Place, and then condemn me if they can for this. On *Sunday* my Father ſaid, " He was " better;" but found himſelf obliged to keep his Bed that Day. Mr. *Blandy*, of *Kingſton*, a Relation of ours, came to viſit us, ſtayed with me to breakfaſt, and then went to Church with Mr. *Littleton*, my Father's Clerk. I went, after they were gone, to my Father, and found him ſeemingly inclined to ſleep; ſo left him, retired into the Parlour, and wrote to Mr. *Cranſtoun*, as I did almoſt every Poſt. I had, on the *Friday* before, a Letter from him; wherein ſome Secrets of his Family were diſcloſed. As I wrote in a hurry, I only adviſed him to take care what he wrote; which, as my unhappy Affairs turned out, my Enemies dreſſed up greatly to my Diſadvantage at my Tryal. I gave this Letter, as I did all of them, to Mr. *Littleton* to direct, who opened it, carried it to a Friend of his for Advice on the Occaſion, and con-

veyed it to a *French* Uſher; who, by the Help of it, publiſhed a Pamphlet intitled, *The Life of Miſs* Mary Blandy. On *Sunday* in the Afternoon, Mrs. *Mountney* and her Siſter came to ſee my Father; who told them, "He hoped he ſhould ſoon be "able to meet them in his Parlour; ſince he thought "himſelf better then." *Suſan* was to ſit up with her Maſter that Night. The Rev. Mr. *Stockwood*, Rector of the Pariſh, came in the Evening to viſit him; the Apothecary was there likewiſe; and he deſired the Room might be quite ſtill; ſo that only *Suſan*, the old Maid, was to be with him. After this I went up to my Father's Bed-ſide; upon which he took me in his Arms and kiſſed me: I went out of the Room with Mr. *Stockwood* and Mr. *Norton*, the Apothecary, almoſt dead, and begg'd of the latter to tell me if he thought my Father ſtill in Danger. He ſaid "he was better, and "hoped he would ſtill mend. To-morrow, ſaid "he, we ſhall judge better, and you will hear what "Dr. *Addington* will ſay." While Mr. *Stockwood* ſtayed, Mr. *Littleton* and *Betty*, my Father's Cook-maid, behaved tolerably well; but as ſoon as he was gone, they altered their Conduct: However, upon Mr. *Norton*'s ſpeaking to him, Mr. *Littleton* became much more civil; and *Betty* followed his Example. I took a Candle, and went up into my own Room; but in the Way I liſtened at my Father's Door, and found every thing ſtill there: This induced me to hope that he was aſleep. On *Monday* Morning, I went to his Door, in order to go in: His Tenderneſs would not let me ſtay up a-Nights; but I was ſeldom from him in the Day-time. I was deprived Acceſs to him; which ſo ſurpriſed and frightened me, that I cried out, "What, "not ſee my Father!" Upon which, I heard him reply, "My dear *Polly*, you ſhall preſently;" and

some time after I did. This Scene was inexpressibly moving. The mutual Love, Sorrow, and Grief, that then appeared, are truly described by *Susannah Gunnel*; tho', poor Soul, she is much mistaken in many other Respects. I was, as soon as Dr. *Addington* came, by his Orders, confined to my own Room; and not suffered to go near my Father, or even so much as to listen at his Door: All the Comfort I then could have had, would have been to know whether he slept or no; but this was likewise refused me. A Man was put into my Room Night and Day; no Woman suffer'd to attend me. My Garters, Keys, and Letters were taken away from me, by Dr. *Addington* himself. Dr. *Lewis*, who it seems was called in, was at this Time with him; but he behaved perfectly like a Gentleman to me. During this Confinement I had hardly any Thing to eat or drink: and once I staid from five in the Afternoon till the same hour the next Day without any Sustenance at all, as the Man with me can witness, except a single Dish of Tea; which, I believe, I owed to the Humanity of Dr. *Lewis*. I had frequently very bad Fits, and my Head was never quite clear; yet I was sensible the Person who gave these Orders had no Right to confine me, in such a manner. But I bore it patiently, as my Room was very near my Father's, and I was fearful of disturbing him. Dr. *Addington* and Dr. *Lewis* then came into my Room, and told me "Nothing could save my dear Father." For some Time, I sat like an Image; and then told them, that I had given him some Powders, which I received from *Cranstoun*, and feared they might have hurt him, tho' that Villain assured me they were of a very innocent Nature. At my Trial, it appeared, that Dr. *Addington* had wrote down the Questions he put to me, but none of my Answers to them. The Judge asked him the Reason

of

of this. He ſaid, "They were not ſatisfactory to "him." To which his Lordſhip replied, "They "might have been ſo to the Court." The Queſtions were theſe. Why I did not ſend for him ſooner? In Anſwer to which, I told him, that I did ſend for him as ſoon as they would let me know that my Father was in the leaſt Danger. And that even at laſt I ſent for him againſt my Father's Conſent. This, I added, he could not but know, by what my Father ſaid, when he firſt came on *Saturday* Night into his Room. The next Queſtion was, why I did not take ſome of the Powders myſelf, if I thought them ſo innocent? To this I anſwered, I never was deſired by Mr. *Cranſtoun* to take them; and that if they could produce ſuch an Effect as was aſcribed to them, I was ſure I had no need of them; but that had he deſired this, I ſhould moſt certainly have done it. It is impoſſible to repeat half the Miſeries I went thro', unknown, I am ſure, to my poor Father. The Man that was ſet over me as my Guard had been an old Servant in the Family: which I at firſt thought was done out of Kindneſs; but am now convinced it was not. When Dr. *Addington* was aſked, "If I expreſs'd a Deſire to preſerve "my Father's Life, and on this Account deſired "him to come again the next Day, and do all he "could to ſave him;" he ſaid, "I did." He then was aſked his Sentiments of that Matter; to which he replied, "She ſeemed to me more concerned for "the Conſequences to herſelf than to her Father." However, the Doctor owned that my Behaviour ſhewed me to be anxious for my poor Father's Life. Could I paint the reſtleſs Nights and Days I went through, the Prayers I made to God to take me and ſpare my Father, whoſe Death alone, unattended with other Misfortunes, would have greatly ſhocked me, the Heart of every Perſon who has

any

any Bowels at all would undoubtedly bleed for me. What is here advanced, the Man that attended me knows to be true alſo, who cannot be ſuſpected of Partiality. *Suſan Gunnel* can atteſt the ſame. She obſerved at this Juncture ſeveral Inſtances between us both of filial Duty and paternal Affection.

On *Wedneſday*, about Two o'Clock in the Afternoon, by my Father's Death, I was left one of the moſt wretched Orphans that ever lived. Not only indifferent and diſpaſſionate Perſons, but even ſome of the moſt cruel of mine Enemies themſelves, ſeem to have had at leaſt ſome ſmall Compaſſion for me. Soon after my Father's Death I had all his Keys, except that of his Study, which I had before committed to the Care of the Rev. Mr. *Stevens* of *Fawley*, my dear unhappy Uncle, delivered to me. This Gentleman and another of my Uncles viſited me that fatal Afternoon. This occaſioned ſuch a moving Scene, as is impoſſible for any human Pen to deſcribe. After their Departure, I walked like a frantic diſtracted Perſon. Mr. *Skinner*, a Schoolmaſter in *Henley*, who came to ſee me, as I have been ſince informed, declared that he did not take me to be in my Senſes. So that no Streſs ought to be laid on any Part of my Conduct at this Time. Nor will this at all ſurprize the candid Reader, if he will but diſpaſſionately conſider the whole Caſe, and put himſelf in my Place. I had loſt mine only Parent, whoſe untimely Death was then imputed to me. Tho' I had no Intention to hurt him, and conſequently in that reſpect was innocent; yet there was great Reaſon to fear, that I had been made the fatal Inſtrument of his Death,—and that by liſtening to the Man I loved above all others, and even better than Life itſelf. I had depended upon his, as I imagined, ſuperior Honour; but found myſelf deceived and deluded by him. The People about me were apprized,

prized, that I entertained, and not without juſt Reaſon, a very bad Opinion of them; which could not but inſpire them with vindictive Sentiments, and a firm Reſolution to hurt me, if ever they had it in their Power. My Cook-maid was more inflamed againſt me than any of the reſt; and yet, for very good Reaſons, I was abſolutely obliged to keep her. My Mother's Maid was diſagreeable to me; but yet, on account of Money due to her, which I could not pay, it was not then in my Power to diſmiſs her. But this moſt melancholy Subject I ſhall not now chuſe any farther to expatiate upon. I have brought down the preceding Narrative to my Father's Death, where I at firſt intended it ſhould end. Beſides, I have now not many Days to live, and Matters of infinitely greater Moment to think upon. May God forgive me my Follies, and my Enemies theirs! May he likewiſe take my poor Soul into his Protection, and receive me to Mercy, through the Merits of my Mediator and Redeemer, *Jeſus Chriſt*, who died to ſave Sinners! Amen.

The foregoing Narrative, which I moſt earneſtly deſire may be publiſhed, was partly dictated and partly wrote by me, whilſt under Sentence of Death; and is ſtrictly agreeable to Truth in every Particular. Witneſs my Hand,

MARY BLANDY.

Signed by Miſs *Mary Blandy*, in the Caſtle at *Oxford*, *April* 4, 1752, in Preſence of two Clergymen, Members of the Univerſity of *Oxford*.

APPENDIX.

The Sentiments contained in the following Letter, which was ſent to Miſs Blandy *ſoon after her Conviction, ſeeming to flow from a noble and generous Diſpoſition, the Reader will not be diſpleaſed to find it inſerted here.*

LETTER I.

Madam,

THO' I never had, what muſt once have been a Pleaſure, the Fortune to ſee you, your lamentable Caſe affects me ſo much, that I can no longer reſiſt an Inclination to write to you, which has haunted me ever ſince that ſolemn Day whoſe Terrors you encountered with ſuch amazing Decency. I believe this Impulſe would appear ſo romantick to the Generality of Mankind, that I ſhould hardly chuſe to own it to my moſt intimate Friend. But I dare ſay you have often wept at Diſtreſs in a Tragedy or Novel, where, perhaps, every thing was fictitious—much more may I at your too real Tragedy.

I ſhould think any Trouble well repaid, could I contribute, were it ever ſo little, to your Conſolation; and it is with that View I take the Liberty of making this Addreſs to you. If the little I have to ſay, inſtead of giving you any Comfort, ſhould only ſerve to teize you, I ſhall be extremely ſorry for it, but hope you will pardon it to the Kindneſs of my Intention. I am not ſo impertinent or preſumptuous, as to offer to intrude upon the Province of thoſe pious Men, who, I hope, omit nothing in their Way to alleviate your Grief. But I imagine it cannot be quite an indifferent Affair to a Woman of your good Senſe and Spirit,

to

to know what the World thinks of you. The Crime you have most fatally been betrayed into no Body can pretend to justify; but all the sensible People of my Acquaintance, and from them I judge of the rest, are disposed to extenuate it as much as possible, as far as yourself has been concerned in it. They are sensible that it must have been owing to the Operation of violent Causes upon the Weakness of Human Nature, that you could ever depart so much from the whole Tenor of your former Behaviour; and justly lay the great Burden of the Offence upon an execrable Man whom I am sorry to find my Countryman; and who I devoutly wish, had met the Fate he deserves before you had the Misfortune to be seen by him. For my own Part, I am, perhaps, as apt to startle at a shocking thing as most People: But your amiable Character, those fine Qualities and Accomplishments which made you an Ornament to your Sex, and the Dignity and Good-breeding of your Behaviour, make me consider the Misfortune you have been seduced into as the most deplorable Event that has happened in my Time; and after such an Instance all those who have any Passion in them ought to tremble for themselves. I cannot bewail your untimely leaving this World, if it was more engaging than it is; for alas! Madam, after what has happened, I think it impossible you should ever have much Relish of Life: But I comfort myself with the Thought that you will be happy in a World where our Passions shall be unattended with Pain, and where, I hope, the only bad thing you probably ever did in your Life will be forgiven. I am, with the utmost Sympathy and Regard, *Madam*,

Your most hearty Well-wisher, and obedient Servant.

London March 14th.

The following Letter is ſo remarkable, that the Reader will not expect from the Editor any Apology for its Publication.

LETTER II.

THIS is to inform you, that a Man belonging to the Herald's Office, in your Neighbourhood, whoſe Name I have forgot, and a Woman he calls his Wife, whoſe Character you may know on Enquiry, are ſet out this Morning for *Oxford*, to ſwear ſomething very extraordinary againſt your Niece, Miſs *Blandy*, &c.

This Couple had Lodgings laſt Summer at *Henley*, and brought the late Mr. *Blandy*'s Cook-maid with them to *London*; where ſhe hath been from Time to Time viſited by her Fellow Servant, the Clerk, and frequent Conſultations hath been held amongſt them, even to the raiſing Suſpicions of a Confederacy.

Theſe Hints given to her Council may perhaps produce a Diſcovery to her Service, which I ſincerely wiſh.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

Friday the 28th of *February*, 1752.

M. JUSTICE.

The menacing Letter inserted here was sent to Dr. Lewis *of* Oxford, *and is supposed to come from* Cranstoun; *the Cypher at the Bottom containing* W. H. C. *the three initial Letters of* William Henry Cranstoun, *his Name.*

LETTER III.

THE Depositions you caused to be published in the News-papers, concerning the unfortunate Miss *B*——'s giving her Father the Powder, &c. shall cost you your Life the first Opportunity; and therefore like a perjured Villain prepare for Death, &c.

Yours, &c.

W. H. C.

5th *Nov.* 1751.

Received by Dr. *Lewis* the 23d of *November. Saturday.*

LETTER IV.

Carmarthen, Mar. 15, 1752.

Madam,

I Did not in the leaſt purpoſe, when I ſent you that of the 15th Inſtant, to give you any further Trouble in this Kind. The Concern I expreſſed in my laſt for your Welfare, eternal Welfare; and my diſintereſted View of promoting it, will, I hope, prevail with you to pardon this Officiouſneſs. I give you Leave to judge of my Conduct herein as you think fit: Provided I may by this means contribute any thing to the Public Good, or promote your everlaſting Intereſt, my End is fully anſwered. It is from this very Motive that I give you this further Trouble. Yet as I have no Conſiderations to offer, that appear to me more ſuitable than what I have already ſent you, I ſhall here only pray, that their Weight and Influence upon your Mind, that your Candour and Seriouſneſs in peruſing them, may be equal to the ſincere Wiſhes and honeſt Intention of your unknown Friend. But to proceed to the Deſign of this Letter: It is with regard to the incloſed, which I purpoſed putting in one of the public Papers after your Deceaſe; but, upon ſecond Thoughts, judge it more ſuitable to be publiſhed (if it be thought worthy of it) among the Papers you leave for the Preſs. As I have conſidered your Caſe with more than ordinary Attention, and with great Concern lamented your unhappy approaching Fate, I have endeavoured to aſſign the Cauſe of ſuch Evils; in order that Parents and Children may take it to mature Conſideration, and, by removing it,

prevent the melancholy Effects that reſult from it. What is there ſaid, is neither with a View to extenuate your Crime, nor yet to condemn you or the reſt of your Sex; but in order (if poſſible) to ſtem the rapid Torrent of Iniquity that threatens to overflow our whole Country, to the Extinction of Humanity, and an utter Reproach to the Chriſtian Name. I am, as before,

Your hearty Well-wiſher,

A CLERGYMAN.

——*Principiis obſta*—— OVID.

NO Method is more effectual to the avoiding Vice, together with its black Train of Attendants, than mature Precaution. The Neglect of this has often betrayed Men to Evils of the moſt dangerous Conſequences, without leaving either Hope or Poſſibility of ever removing them. Nothing but the Want of this would have provoked the late Miſs *B—dy* to the Perpetration of ſo horrid a Crime as that of Parricide. This lay her firſt open to the baſe Artifices of her inſidious Seducer, and afterwards tempted her to the Commiſſion of the moſt execrable Fact, for which ſhe deſervedly ſuffered an ignominious Death. The Circumſtances are too well known to need mentioning them.

——*Tantæne animis cæleſtibus iræ?*

Without dwelling upon the Heinouſneſs of this Crime, which comprehends in it at leaſt the worſt kind of Murder, the higheſt Degree of Undutifulneſs, the moſt horrid Ingratitude, I ſhall conſider *That*, which appears to me the chief Cauſe, the uſu-

al Source of ſuch impious Facts: and this is no other than the great Defect, or wrong Judgment of Parents in their Children's Education.

What is the uſual End propoſed in the Inſtruction of young Women of ſuperior Rank? (for I ſhall confine my Obſervations to that Part of the Sex.) It is, in a Word, to make them fine Ladies; that is, to bring them acquainted with the Follies of the World, to teach them to dance elegantly, and to behave with a genteel Air in Company. When this is attained, with ſome additional Endowments of Nature, we have the *Fine* Lady ador'd by her Parents, deify'd by her Admirers. Her whole Study now is to appear amiable and engaging to thoſe that will flatter her Vanity: The anxious Care of her Parents is to encreaſe her Fortune, in order to an Alliance with ſome Noble Family. The latter often neglectful of their Duty to God and Man, perhaps with a Neglect of their Perſons and Eaſe of Mind, bend their whole Thoughts, make uſe of all Arts and Means to amaſs Wealth for their *Angel:* The former thus deify'd and adored, is tempted to believe herſelf poſſeſs'd of all neceſſary intrinſic Accompliſhments, and fondly imagines herſelf ſomething more than Mortal. Her Glaſs and Toilet are frequently conſulted, and tediouſly attended, in order to hide all conſcious outward Imperfections: To make a ſhining Figure at the Ring, the Ball, the Play, the Opera, is her ambitious Taſk, in order to gain the Eſteem and Veneration of the Beholders.

Now Miſs is thoroughly knowing, perfectly accompliſh'd, being arrived at the Summit of *liberal* Education: Every Whim, every Fancy, however frivolous or extravagant, muſt be now fondly indulged; no Paſſion muſt be ungratify'd, no Inclination croſſed. Nothing is now wanting but her *muſty* Parents out of the Way, in order to be Miſtreſs of

her own Fortune: Nay the moſt execrable Deed muſt be audaciouſly committed to compleat her own Ruin and theirs.

In ſuch lamentable State of things, which is moſt to blame, the Parent or the Child? Could better Fruits be expected from ſuch Education; falſely called LIBERAL? Could any other Effect be expected from the Company ſhe has been taught to aſſociate with, from the Converſation ſhe has been inſtructed to delight in, and imitate?

Has ſhe had Precepts of Religion and Virtue inculcated on her tender Mind at Home; any Examples of Piety to provoke her Imitation? Were her Requeſts ever deny'd, her Faults ever told her, her Foibles ever expoſed? No; Miſs muſt be always humoured; all her Imperfections are leſſer Beauties, and more obſcure Preſages of future Luſtre. Was ſhe ever ſhewn the abſolute Neceſſity of renouncing all the vain Pomps, State and Glory of the World; to believe and obey the Goſpel? On the contrary, was ſhe not taught to purſue, ambitiouſly to purſue the Former, to an utter Neglect and Diſregard of the Latter? Was ſhe ever ſhewn the Neceſſity and Expediency of retiring to her Cloſet to Prayer and Meditation, as well as to her Dreſſing-Room? Of looking into the Mirrour of God's Holy Word, to conſult the State of her Soul, as well as to her Looking-Glaſs, to examine her Complexion, to regulate her Air and Features, to modify her Dreſs? Was ſhe not more applauded for the Delicacy of her Taſte in diſcovering the Beauties or Imperfections of a Play, a Song, or a Romance, than any Knowledge in the Sacred Pages? In ſhort, did the whole of her Education, (had it any Tendency to) bring her one Step nearer Religion, than to make her imagine, Virtue but an empty Name; Dutifulneſs to Parents, Ruſticity; Humility, Meanneſs,

neſs, Modeſty, Aukwardneſs; Piety, Preciſeneſs; Devotion, Enthuſiaſm: nay, the whole of Religion no more than Formality and Superſtition, unbecoming Good-Breeding, foreign to Politeneſs?

When Religion is thus laid aſide, thus ſhamefully diſregarded in the Education of the fair Sex, 'tis by no Means a Wonder to ſee ſeveral of them, with Reluctance I ſpeak it, wholly diveſted of their natural Tenderneſs; of Modeſty and Shame. When Virtue is ſhut out of the Heart, evil Thoughts will eaſily find Admiſſion, and inſenſibly influence the Practice. No Senſe of *Honour* can of itſelf be ſufficient to ſecure them, in this Caſe, from Infamy, and make them Proof againſt the Arts and wicked Stratagems of deſigning Men: On the contrary, what audacious Crimes, and horrid Parricides, would not thoſe that are void of Religion commit, but for Fear of Diſcovery and Penal Laws?

I doubt, the too common Complaint of Undutifulneſs in Children, is generally owing to the wrong Method of their Education; or at leaſt to the Deficiency of it. The Want of training them in the Way they ſhould go, the Neglect of diſplaying to their View the Beauty and Rewards of Virtue, and of quickening them to the Practice of it; the Want of this, I ſay, makes Children at length impatient of Reſtraint and Controul, and renders their Parents odious and deſpicable in their Sight. Thus do Parents juſtly reap the Fruit of their Ignorance, Folly, or Indiſcretion. — Let not Children from hence think themſelves acquitted; for thoſe that deſpiſe their Parents are no leſs than Parricides in the Judgment of Scripture, and have the heavieſt Curſes denounced againſt them. For if he who hateth his Brother is a Murtherer, what can he be thought, that, to indulge his Vanity or ſinful Appetites, wiſhes a moſt indulgent Parent out of his

Way? Let Parents, therefore, as they value thei own Eaſe and Safety here, as well as Happineſs hereafter; as they regard the Proſperity, Well-being, and Uſefulneſs of their Poſterity, imbue the tender Minds of their Children with virtuous Principles, and make the Exerciſe of Practical Religion the principal Aim of their Education.

The following is an Anſwer to a Letter ſent Miſs Blandy *by a worthy Clergyman in* Henley, *upon a very extraordinary Subject, and highly deſerves a Place here.*

LETTER V.

Rev. Sir,

I Received yours, and at firſt felt all the Horror Innocence ſo belied could do; but now, Sir, I look on it as a Bleſſing from God, both to wean me from this World, and make the near Approach of Death leſs dreadful to me. You deſire me, in your Letter, if innocent of my poor Mother's Death and that of Mrs. *Pocock*, to make a ſolemn Declaration, and have it witneſſed; which I here do. I declare before God, at whoſe dread Tribunal I muſt ſhortly appear, that as I hope for Mercy there, I never did buy any Poiſon, knowingly, whatever of Mr. *Prince*, who did live at *Henley*, and now lives at *Reading*, or of Mr. *Pottinger* an Apothecary and Surgeon in *Henley*; Nor did I ever buy any Poiſon in *Henley*, or any where elſe in all my Life; That as for my Mother's and Mrs. *Pocock*'s Death, I am as innocent of it as the Child unborn. So help me God in my laſt Moments, and at the great

great Day of Judgment. If ever I did hurt their Lives, may God condemn me. This, Sir, I hope, will convince you of my Innocency. And if the World will not believe what even I dying ſwear, God forgive them, and turn their Hearts. One Day all muſt appear together at one Bar. There no prompting of Witneſſes, no Lies, no little Arts of Law will do. There, I doubt not, I ſhall meet my poor Father and Mother, and my much loved Friend (through the Merits of *Jeſus Chriſt*, who died for Sinners) forgiven and in Bliſs. There the Tears that cannot move Man's Heart ſhall be by God dried up. Farewell, Sir, God bleſs you, and believe me, while I live, ever

Your much obliged humble Servant,

M. Blandy.

N. B. This Letter was atteſted to be *M. Blandy*'s &c. *Apr.* 4th, 1752.

THE Reader will not think it neceſſary to be troubled here with a tedious Detail of the Incidents attending Miſs *Blandy*'s Tryal; nor a Relation of what happened to her, from her Arrival in the Caſtle at *Oxford* to the Time of her Conviction. It will be ſufficient for the Publiſher of the preceding Narrative to confine himſelf to a general and conciſe Account of the moſt memorable Particulars relating to her Life and Conduct after that melancholy Event. Miſs *Blandy*, then, after a long Tryal, having been convicted of the Crime laid to her Charge, received Sentence of Death, and was reconducted to the Caſtle from whence ſhe came. Many People believed, that ſhe behaved not only through the whole Courſe of her Tryal, but afterwards, with ſuch a decent Reſolution as does not often attend a Conſciouſneſs of Guilt; tho' the greateſt part of Mankind, it muſt be owned, ſeem fully convinced of even her Intention to deſtroy her Father. Be that as it will, her Conduct before the Judges was not only uncenſured, but even applauded, by a Majority of the Spectators who were Witneſſes of it. Nor did any material Alteration diſcover itſelf in the Tenour of her Behaviour, tho' her Spirits ſometimes a little failed her, betwixt the Day of her Tryal and that of her Execution.

It would be endleſs, however, notwithſtanding this undoubted Truth, to recite the palpable Falſhoods, and inhuman Calumnies, induſtriouſly propagated of her, and diſperſed throughout the Nation, in almoſt every Part of that Interval. Some-

times it was reported, that she had poisoned herself, and sometimes that she had laid upon herself violent Hands in a different Manner; tho' she discovered, on all Occasions, to the Minister who attended her, the most perfect Abhorrence of Suicide, and of every Thing that had but even the least Tendency to it. Several Persons affirmed, that she was so perfectly hardened that she would not acknowledge herself guilty of any Crime; the Reverse of which is true, as can be attested both by the aforesaid Minister and other Persons of Character and Reputation. She has frequently said, that she deserved Death for destroying her Father, tho' she did not think herself so guilty as if she had *designedly* and *intentionally* perpetrated so black a Crime. This Declaration she constantly persisted in; tho' that Point of Conduct gave uncommon Offence to vast Numbers of People, some of whom have pursued, with a Degree of Rancour and Virulence little inferior to Persecution, those whose charitable and compassionate Disposition prompted them to entertain more favourable Sentiments of it;——with how much Reason and Justice the Publisher of the preceding Narrative will not take upon him to determine.

During the aforesaid Interval, Miss *Blandy* attended Divine Service in the Chapel as often as her Health would permit, and the Crowds of People, who flocked thither to gaze upon her, did not drive her from thence; and when any thing of that Kind happened, as well as at all other proper Seasons, the Minister of the Castle attended her in her own Apartment. She often professed herself a sincere Penitent, and said she was covered with Contrition for every Sin she had committed, and particularly that which occasioned the Loss of her dear Father's Life.——When such Professions as these were made, she

pretty

pretty frequently ſhed Tears, and diſcovered the moſt apparent Emotions of Grief. This can be atteſted by ſeveral, as well as the aforeſaid Miniſter, whoſe Teſtimony will be deemed authentic in all other Caſes. Notwithſtanding which, the contrary to this has been aſſerted by many Perſons; but then ſome of them have been ſuch as have not only had little Regard to Truth, but been incapable of all tender Sentiments,—ſuch as have had Minds not ſuſceptible of even the leaſt Degree of Compaſſion.

She always profeſſed a full Perſuaſion of the Truth and Excellency of the *Chriſtian* Religion in general; and a cloſe Attachment to the Tenets, Doctrines, and Uſages of the Church of *England* in particular. Nor did any Thing, during the whole Courſe of her Confinement, ſo extremely ſhock her as the Charge of Infidelity, which ſome uncharitable Perſons a little before her Death brought againſt her, on Account of her Intimacy with *Cranſtoun*. That *Cranſtoun* was an Infidel, there may be Reaſon enough to believe; but that ſhe was ſo, becauſe ſhe had placed her Affections upon him, will by no Means follow. It appears from her own Narrative, than which nothing can be more ſimple and plain, and conſequently carry a greater Appearance of Truth, that he was a Man of infinite Art and Deſign; and therefore may very naturally be ſuppoſed to have adapted himſelf intirely to her Genius and Diſpoſition, in order the more effectually to carry into Execution his wicked Deſigns. And that this was really the Caſe, with her dying Breath ſhe poſitively affirmed. He never, as to the Miniſter attending her a little before her Death ſhe declared, uttered any Thing in her Company, thro' the whole Courſe of her Acquaintance with him, that could be deemed ſhocking to pious Ears, or that in

the leaſt favoured of Infidelity. On the contrary, if ſhe may be credited, in ſome of her laſt Moments, he gave her many inſtructive Leſſons, and talked perfectly in the Style of a *Chriſtian*. And this he might do, becauſe he found it agreeable to her. 'Tis but charitable, therefore, conſidering her Education, to believe, that ſhe never openly profeſſed any Diſlike to the Principles of *Chriſtianity*.

To what has been ſaid the Editor begs leave to add, that ſhe could diſcourſe pertinently and clearly upon all the common, and ſome other, theological Topics. From whence it may be rationally inferred, that ſhe had not only been in a tolerable Degree converſant with the Scriptures; but likewiſe read with ſome Attention the Works of ſeveral of our moſt celebrated Divines. And this ſhe owned herſelf to have done. This Point would not have been ſo copiouſly inſiſted upon here, had ſhe not deſired it might be cleared up in a particular Manner; and had not the Imputation of Infidelity, in ſome of her laſt Moments, given her infinite Uneaſineſs and Concern.

She was viſited by ſeveral Clergymen, beſides the Miniſter of the Caſtle who conſtantly attended her, one of whom was a Perſon of ſuperior Rank and Character in the Univerſity. To all of theſe ſhe expreſſed herſelf much in the ſame Manner, and conſtantly perſiſted in her firſt Declaration. She was preſſed by them in the ſtrongeſt Terms to confeſs the Truth, and not go out of the World with a Lie in her Mouth. But this ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould do, if ſhe affirmed that ſhe had a Deſign to deſtroy her Father when ſhe gave him the fatal Powder, or that ſhe then knew there was any poiſonous Quality lodged in it. But notwithſtanding this, ſome Perſons were greatly

greatly offended, that ſhe could not be brought to ſuch a Confeſſion; which muſt have proved of fatal Conſequence to her Soul, had the Point therein aſſerted been falſe. She talked in ſuch a plauſible, or rather pathetic Strain, and gave ſuch convincing Reaſons for the Truth of what ſhe affirmed, that ſome of her Enemies themſelves, after one or two Viſits, became greatly prejudiced in her Favour.

Some Attempts were made to procure her a ſhort Reſpite; for it was never believed, that a Pardon could be obtained, at leaſt before the Apprehenſion of the Villain *Cranſtoun*. But all the Avenues to the Royal Clemency were ſhut up; ſo that every Meaſure purſued on this Occaſion proved ineffectual. Nor did ſhe ever entertain any Hopes of Succeſs, tho' a Lady of great Intereſt and Diſtinction, whoſe innate Goodneſs renders her one of the brighteſt Ornaments of the preſent Age, made ſeveral Efforts in her Favour. The Prejudices ſhe had to ſtruggle with had taken too deep Root in ſome Men's Minds to be effaced by any Sentiments of Tenderneſs and Compaſſion.

She herſelf obſerved, and ſpoke with great Commendation of them, that the Judges, as well as the worthy Sheriff and his Deputy, behaved towards her with great Candour and Moderation; that in every one of them were united both the Gentleman and the *Chriſtian*. If this generous Conduct hath been leſs applauded than it deſerves to be, we are not to wonder; ſince in the preſent depraved State of Mankind, we muſt not ſuppoſe, that the Actions of truly great and illuſtrious Men can be viewed in a proper Light by thoſe who are perfect Strangers to the amiable Qualities with which they are adorned.

On

On *Monday*, *April* the 6th, 1752, the Day deſtined for her Execution, the Under-ſheriff, attended by one of Miſs *Blandy*'s Friends, viſited her a little after Eight o'Clock in the Morning. She then diſcovered ſome Anxiety and Apprehenſions, in relation to her future State, that had never before appeared. She ſaid, that many Sins, both of Omiſſion and Commiſſion, which ſhe had formerly conſidered as Trifles, ſeemed at that Time to be very black and enormous to her. The Miniſter, who was then alſo preſent, took a freſh Opportunity from hence to preſs her once more to declare the Truth, in relation to her Intention and Knowledge of the noxious Quality of the fatal Powder, by urging that a Failure herein would be a Crime of a much deeper Dye, than thoſe which filled her with ſuch terrible Apprehenſions. But to this ſhe immediately replied, that ſhe ſhould perſiſt in her former Declaration to the Moment of her Death; and that this ſhe would impart to the People attending her Execution. The Under-ſheriff, and the Gentleman attending him, alſo begged, that ſhe would not impoſe upon herſelf, as well as upon the World, in theſe her laſt Moments. To which ſhe anſwered much in the ſame Terms as ſhe had done before. She likewiſe appeared after this to be ſomething more calm and compoſed. And the Miniſter, in order ſtill more to comfort her, told her, that the Devil frequently preſented former Sins as much more heinous than they really were to even ſome of the beſt Chriſtians, themſelves, when they were upon the Confines of Eternity, in order to ruffle and diſcompoſe them; and that therefore probably the Scene that at preſent ſeemed to diſturb her, was nothing more than one of his Illuſions: But that, however that might be, ſhe had no Reaſon to be afraid of any of her Sins, if ſhe

ſhe ſincerely repented of them, as ſhe had always aſſured him ſhe did, and placed an unſhaken Confidence in the Mercy of God, through the Merits of Chriſt; and neither thoſe Merits nor that Mercy, to ſincere Penitents, would admit of any Limits. This gave her great Conſolation, inſomuch that ſhe ſoon reſumed her former Calmneſs, and declared herſelf not only willing but even inclinable to die.

About Nine o'Clock ſhe came out of her Bedchamber, and was attended by the aforeſaid Miniſter to the Place of Execution. Here he read ſome of the Commendatory Forms of Prayer, and ſhe joined moſt fervently with him. After this was ended, he ſaid to her, "Madam, you may now, if you think "proper, and have a ſufficient Flow of Spirits, ſpeak "to the People." She then addreſſed herſelf to them, with a clear and audible Voice, in the following Terms. "Good People, give me Leave "to declare to you, that I am perfectly innocent, "as to any Intention to deſtroy or even hurt my "dear Father; that I did not know, or even ſuſ-"pect, that there was any poiſonous Quality in the "fatal Powder I gave him; tho' I can never be too "much puniſhed for being even the innocent Cauſe "of his Death. As to my Mother's and Mrs. *Po-*"*cock*'s Deaths, that have been unjuſtly laid to my "Charge, I am not even the innocent Cauſe of them, "nor did I in the leaſt contribute to them. So help "me God in theſe my laſt Moments. And may I "not meet with eternal Salvation, nor be acquitted "by Almighty God, in whoſe awful Preſence "I am inſtantly to appear, if the whole of what "is here aſſerted, be not true. I from the Bottom "of my Soul forgive all thoſe concerned in my Pro-"ſecution; and particularly the Jury, notwithſtand-"ing their fatal Verdict." She then aſcended the Lad-

Ladder, and ſpoke again to the following Effect, "Good People, take Warning by me to be on "your Guard againſt the Sallies of any irregular "Paſſion; and pray for me, that I may be accept-"ed at the Throne of Grace."

After which, ſhe was turned off; and, in about half an Hour's Time, cut down. The Body was then carried to a neighbouring Houſe, and put into a Coffin; from thence it was conducted about Five o'Clock in the Afternoon, in a Hearſe, to *Henley*; and interred about Eleven o'Clock in the Chancel of the Church there, where the Bodies of her Father and Mother had been depoſited. Miſs *Blandy* ſuffered in a black Bombazine ſhort Sack and Petticoat, with a clean white Handerchief drawn over her Face. Her Hands were tied together with a ſtrong black Ribband, and her Feet, at her own Requeſt, almoſt touched the Ground. The Number of People attending her Execution was computed at about 5000; many of whom, and particularly ſeveral Gentlemen of the Univerſity, were obſerved to ſhed Tears. She behaved with ſuch Serenity and Compoſure, and with ſuch a decent Reſolution, as greatly ſurpriſed and charmed many of the Spectators; and ſuch as ſome there preſent thought nothing but a Conſciouſneſs of the Truth of what ſhe had aſſerted, and a well-grounded Hope of future Felicity, could inſpire. Contrary to what is obſerved at other Executions, there was almoſt a profound Silence during the Time of this. In fine, the whole was ſo well conducted, and made ſuch a deep Impreſſion upon the Minds of the People preſent, that the Circumſtances attending Miſs *Blandy*'s Execution will not ſoon be forgotten at *Oxford*.

Copy of Miſs Blandy's *Declaration at the Place of Execution in* Oxford, April *6th*, 1752.

I *Mary Blandy* do declare that I die in a full Perſuaſion of the Truth and Excellency of the Chriſtian Religion, and a ſincere, tho' unworthy Member of the Church of *England*. I do likewiſe hope for a Pardon and Remiſſion of my Sins by the Mercy of God, through the Merits and Mediation of our moſt bleſſed Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt. I do alſo farther declare, that I did not know or believe, that the Powder, to which the Death of my dear Father has been aſcribed, had any noxious or poiſonous Quality lodged in it; and that I had no Intention to hurt, and much leſs to deſtroy, him, by giving him that Powder. All this is true, as I hope for eternal Salvation, and Mercy from Almighty God, in whoſe moſt awful and immediate Preſence I muſt ſoon appear. I die in perfect Peace and Charity with all Mankind, and do from the Bottom of my Soul forgive all my Enemies, as alſo thoſe Perſons who have in any Manner contributed to, or been inſtrumental in bringing me to the ignominious Death I am ſoon to ſuffer. This is my laſt Declaration, as to the Points contained in it; and I do moſt earneſtly deſire that it may be publiſh'd after my Death. Witneſs my Hand,

MARY BLANDY.

F I N I S.

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1897.

A

CANDID APPEAL

TO THE

PUBLICK,

Concerning the CASE of the

Late Miſs *Mary Blandy*:

WHEREIN,

All the ridiculous and falſe Aſſertions contained in a Pamphlet, entitled, Miſs *Mary Blandy's Own Account of the Affair between Her and Mr.* CRANSTOUN, *&c.* are exploded,

AND

The Whole of that Myſterious Affair ſet in a True Light.

By a GENTLEMAN *of* OXFORD.

LONDON:

Printed for J. GIFFORD, in the *Old Bailey*, and Sold at the Pamphlet-Shops. 1752.

(Price Six-Pence.)

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A

CANDID APPEAL

TO THE

PUBLICK, &c.

REAT is Truth and will prevail, ſays an eminent Philoſopher; for whatever Diſguiſe Falſhood may put on, for ſiniſter or ſelfiſh Views, this generous Principle will at length force its Way though all the Miſts and Clouds with which it is invelop'd, and ſhine in its own native Luſtre. How applicable this Obſervation is to the Caſe of Miſs *Blandy*, as written by herſelf, and publiſhed at her dying Requeſt, ſhall be the Buſineſs of this ſmall Pamphlet. We don't mean hereby to load her Memory with any unjuſt Calumny, or to rake into the Aſhes of the Dead; no, may ſhe reſt in Peace, and her

Soul be for ever happy! But as there are many Things in the Account which ſhe gives of the Affair between her and Mr. *Cranſtoun*, either not truly ſtated, or unfairly related, it ſeems neceſſary, for the Sake of Truth, and in Juſtice to the Living, as well as to the Dead, to unveil thoſe ſpecious Pretences to Integrity, with which ſhe has pretty artfully diſguiſed the moſt intereſting Parts of her Caſe.

We ſhall begin our Remarks on the Account ſhe gives of the Commencement of the Amour between her and Mr. *Cranſtoun*; by which it appears, that ſhe herſelf gave the firſt Opening to an Attack from this artful Pretender; for ſuch was her Confidence in his Honour and Integrity (of which I don't find ſhe had any other Proofs than his own bare Word) that ſhe acquainted him with 'an advantageous 'Match that had been made to her, but 'was afraid the Gentleman was not form-'ed to make her happy.'

Cranſtoun immediately turns this into an Argument to recommend himſelf to her kind Regard; and very naturally aſks her, 'Whether ſhe did not prefer mutual 'Love to the Grandeur of Life?' And her Anſwer, (ſtill more unguarded than her Declaration) 'that ſhe preferred the Man 'ſhe lov'd and eſteem'd before all others,' gave him a fair Opportunity to inſinuate himſelf

himſelf more effectually into her Eſteem, and embolden'd him, as ſhe confeſſes, to make an Offer of his Love.

He introduced his Propoſal by informing her, that he had a very intricate Affair then depending in *Scotland*, and this was no leſs than a Charge of being married to another Woman, the Validity of which was to be tried in a Court of Judicature; and ſo confident was he of the Share he already had in her Affections, that he very *modeſtly* aſk'd her, 'if ſhe lov'd him well 'enough to ſtay till this Affair was de-'cided?' Her *Condeſcenſion* in the Reply is as remakable as the Captain's *Modeſty* in the Queſtion. 'If my Papa and Mama would 'approve of my ſtaying for you, I readily 'conſent thereto.' What! marry a Man, who by his own Confeſſion, lay under the Imputation of having a Wife and Children in another Country, from whom he acknowledged that he could not be divorc'd but by a formal Proceſs at Law, the Iſſue of which he could not foreſee, and which at beſt was but doubtful, ſince the Laws of *Scotland* make Cohabitation effectual to all the Intents and Purpoſes of Marriage. Was there ever an Inſtance of ſuch a Courtſhip before? Did a Lover ever recommend himſelf to the Affections of a Lady by acquainting her with the ſcandalous Commerce he held with any of her Sex? Did

ever

ever Lady encourage the Addreſſes of a Lover in ſuch Circumſtances?

But to ſet this Affair in a more impartial Light than ſhe is willing it ſhould be ſeen in, it is neceſſary to refer the Reader to the Account of her Life publiſhed by *R. Walker*, where we find a very natural and probable Account given of this Matter. There it's aſſerted, that the firſt Notice Mr. *Blandy* had of *Cranſtoun*'s Marriage in *Scotland*, was given him by Lord *Mark Ker*, who adviſed him to take Care of his Daughter, and preſerve her from Ruin; and that accordingly he appriz'd her of it, and then Mr. *Cranſtoun*. Now if this Account be true, her's cannot be ſo; and it muſt be own'd, this ſeems to have the Face of Probability.

Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s having thus ſecured his Intereſt in the Daughter, makes his next Application to the Mother, who ſeems no leſs infatuated than her love-ſick Child. For when the Captain averr'd upon his Soul that he never was married, 'Very 'well' ſaid ſhe, I will take your Word 'for that.' What! take his Word for that, which if not true, muſt neceſſarily be her Daughter's utter and irretrievable Ruin and Deſtruction; ſurely it would much better have become her Prudence to have ſuſpended her Aſſent till Matters ſhould be cleared up to mutual Satisfaction. But

ſuch

ſuch was her unlimited Confidence in the Words of a roving Officer, who might for ought ſhe knew to the contrary, have a Miſtreſs or a Wife at every Town he had been quarter'd at, ſeems a little improbable, but if true, muſt be no ſmall Reflection on her Mother's Underſtanding.

The next Particular we ſhall take Notice of is, in that Part of her Account which relates to her Mother's Sickneſs, and the wonderful Affection ſhe expreſs'd for Mr. *Cranſtoun*, which is deſcribed in ſuch fulſome and amorous Terms, that one would think the old Woman was as much in Love with the Captain, as her Daughter. For, 'no ſooner did he come 'to her Bedſide, but ſhe raiſed herſelf up, 'took him round the Neck, and kiſſed 'him moſt affectionately.' At the ſame Time ſhe ſaid, 'My dear *Cranſtoun*, I am 'glad you are come; I now ſhall grow 'well again.' One would think the Captain carried ſome ſtrange *inviſible* Charms about him, that could ſo bewitch the Hearts of both old and young; for as to any *external* Perfections or Excellencies in his Perſon, I never heard that the accuteſt Eye could diſcern the leaſt Symptom, or the moſt diſtant Reſemblance of a Beauty about him; on the contrary, that he was thought to be one of the moſt diſagreeable Men living.

But

But farther: When Miſs and her Mother came to *London* for Advice about ſome Indiſpoſition the old Lady labour'd under, they lodged with Mr. *Stevens* her Brother, where Mr. *Cranſtoun* came to viſit them, and who it ſeems did not entertain the ſame good Opinion of the Captain, as his Siſter did; and therefore, upon her deſiring that he might be aſk'd to dine with them, he refuſed it. Upon which ſhe came crying to Mr. *Cranſtoun*, to tell him of the Affront that had been done him; but to comfort him, added, 'Came to me as often as you can in my 'own Apartment; in a Morning I am al-'always alone.' Now, who can help remarking, that the Daughter has put a very odd kind of Compliment into her Mother's Mouth, and liable to a very cenſorious Conſtruction; and had not her Mother the Character of a virtuous Woman, it would not be eaſy to vindicate the Innocence of her Intention in ſuch a kind Invitation.

The next Thing obſervable is, a very artful Piece of Cunning in the Captain to get Poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs without waiting the Event of the Law-Suit in *Scotland*, and that was, to marry her privately. Miſs, however, was not ſo blinded, with Love as to come into his Meaſures, which ſhe convinc'd him muſt be attended with

with the worſt Conſequences; yet neither did ſhe reſent this Propoſal in a Manner that became one truly ſenſible of the injurious Affront done to her Honour and Virtue, nor even to reproach him with the Baſeneſs of his Heart which was capable of meditating a Deſign ſo evidently contrary to her Peace and Happineſs.

Here we cannot help taking Notice of ſome Paſſages, which, in our Opinion, caſt ſevere Reflections on the Memory both of her Father and Mother. As to the firſt, he is all along repreſented as a Man of a haſty, paſſionate, uneven Temper; ſometimes hugging *Cranſtoun* in his Arms, and at other Times treating him with a Booriſh Rudeneſs; now infinitely pleaſed with his Daughter's Choice of the Captain for her Husband, and preſently uſing her in the moſt cruel Manner for encouraging his Addreſſes. Again, ſhe tells us in Effect that her Father was ſo parſimonious, that he did not allow his Wife Money ſufficient to buy Proviſions for the Houſe, but ſuffered her to run up a Debt of Thirty Pounds, which ſhe borrowed of Mr. *Cranſtoun* to pay; which either ſhews the Avarice of her Father, or ill Conduct, or Want of Prudence in her Mother, as if ſhe was not capable of managing the Affairs of the Family. Thus ſhe expoſes the Character of her Father, Mother, and even

her own, to the ſevereſt Cenſures; and all for what? Why, to juſtify a lawleſs Paſſion for a wicked Man, who not only abuſed the Friendſhip and Kindneſs of her too credulous Parents to him, but manifeſtly deſigned to decoy her by his Flatteries and ſpecious Pretences to her Ruin.

Miſs tells us, (p. 17. of her Account) that both ſhe and her Father received Letters from Miſs *Murray*, ſigned *N. Cranſtoun*, to inform them, that ſhe was his lawful Wife; and that the Decree of the Court of *Scotland*, in her Favour, was ſent in thoſe Letters. This one would imagine, was enough to diſperſe thoſe Miſts from her Eyes, with which *Cranſtoun*'s fallacious Arguments had beclouded them, and to convince her, that notwithſtanding his fair Pretences, his Oaths and Proteſtations, he was no better than an Impoſtor, who, taking Advantage of her free and open Behaviour, had plotted the Ruin of her Virtue and Happineſs for ever. Such Reflections as theſe ſhe might naturally have made upon this remarkable Occurrence. Inſtead of which, ſhe conſults her Mother how to behave on this critical Occaſion. Her Mother adviſes her to write to him, and to beg him, upon his Honour, to let her know the Truth. But could ſhe imagine, that he, who had deceived her and her Daughter already, would not carry on the Deceit;

Deceit; and that as he had hitherto led 'em both blindfold, that he would not now do all in his Power to keep 'em in the Dark? Had it not been a much better Way to have wrote to ſome Gentleman of Worth and Probity in that Country, requeſting him to examine the Court Records, and to ſend her an authenticated Copy of the Proceedings in this Affair? By this Means ſhe would have ſoon come to the Knowledge of the real Truth, if ſhe had been in Earneſt in her Enquiry; inſtead of which, ſhe makes her Application to him only, whoſe Intereſt it was to deceive her.

But if we look into the Account publiſhed by *R. Walker*, (and he ſeems to have good Authority for what he advances) we ſhall find this Tranſaction related in a quite different Manner. *Cranſtoun*, among the reſt of his wicked Schemes to gain his Ends on this Lady, thought of this. He writes a Letter to his Wife, intimating, that it would be of infinite Service to him, with reſpect to his Promotion in the Army, if ſhe would, under her own Hand, deny herſelf to be his Wife. She, knowing his Baſeneſs, was very unwilling to comply with his Requeſt; but after much Sollicitation ſhe did; and this Letter of Denial he ſhews to Mr. *Blandy*, his Wife and Daughter, to convince them of the

Uprightneſs of his Intentions, but in the End it had a very different Effect from what he intended; as may be ſeen at large in the ſaid Account, p. 5.

Many little trifling Things ſhe relates in the Courſe of her Narrative, which we did not think worth our Notice; yet, in every Page and Paragraph we may obſerve her unalterable Attachment to the Captain's Perſon, notwithſtanding the many diſadvantageous Circumſtances under which he appear'd. And indeed it required no common Skill to parry the various Thruſts that he might expect would be made at him on his Attempt upon this Lady; and in Truth his Invention was ſeldom at a Loſs when he had an Excuſe to make, or a Favour to entreat. Yet once he was grievouſly put to his Trumps, and had much ado to bring himſelf off with any tolerable Degree of Honour. This was, when ſhe found a Letter in his Trunk, and on reading it, diſcovered, that he kept a Miſtreſs. He had told her, not above a Day or two before, that he had a Baſtard upon his Hands to keep; but this laſt Story was too groſs to acquaint her with; and when ſhe told him of it, he was ſo thunderſtruck, that he loſt his Speech, and was ready to faint; yet he had Addreſs enough to pacify her Wrath, even for this notorious Breach of his Fidelity.

delity. Would not any one think that this young Lady, who, on all other Occaſions, was remarkably diſtinguiſh'd for her Wit and fine Senſe, was under the miſerable Infatuation of ſome infernal Agents, that could, with her Eyes open, be thus deluded to her own Deſtruction? Nay, after all this, when he pretended he muſt pawn his Watch for Móney to carry him into *Scotland*, ſhe, rather than he ſhould be deſtitute of ſo faſhionable an Ornament, made him a Preſent of her own Watch, only reſerving to herſelf his Picture which hung to it, which ſhe reſolv'd to keep as ſacred as the Relict of a Saint, and as a precious Memorandum of his ſweet Perſon.

In p. 5. of Miſs *Blandy*'s Account we have a very circumſtantial Deſcription of the more than motherly Fondneſs which old Mrs. *Blandy* expreſſed for *Cranſtoun*, her propoſed Son-in-Law. The old Lady being on a Viſit to one Mrs. *Pocock*, of *Turville-Court*, was ſeized with a violent Diſorder, which oblig'd her to continue there ſome Time. But in the Height of her Illneſs, when ſhe had any Intervals of Senſe, who was the Perſon then the chief Object of her Concern? Was it her Huſband? No. Her Daughter? No. Any eminent Phyſician whoſe Skill and Judgment ſhe could confide in? No. Who then?

then? Why, her conſtant Cry was, *Let* Cranſtoun *be ſent for.* *Cranſtoun* was then at *Southampton*, with his Regiment; but on his receiving a Summons from Miſs to come away directly on this Emergency, he obey'd, and was ſoon with her, and immediately waited on the ſick Lady, who was ſo tranſported at the Sight of him, 'that ſhe immediately raiſed herſelf up in 'her Bed, took him about the Neck, and 'kiſſed him in the moſt affectionate 'Manner,' adding theſe Words to this fond Action, *My dear* Cranſtoun, *I am glad you are come, I now ſhall grow well ſoon*; * Nay, ſhe carried her Fondneſs to ſuch an extravagant Pitch, that *Cranſtoun* only muſt be her Nurſe, and adminiſter every Thing that was preſcribed for her. And of ſuch wonderful Efficacy was his Care and Attendance upon his Patient, that, tho' before he came, ſhe was ſuppoſed to be in the utmoſt Danger, yet the very next Day after his Arrival, ſhe got up, and he coming into her Room, ſhe ſaid, *This I owe to you, my dear* Cranſtoun; *your coming has given me new Health and freſh Spirits: I was fearful leſt I ſhould die, and you*

* Which though mentioned before, was neceſſary to be repeated here, in order to ſet this Tranſaction in its full Light.

you not be here to comfort that poor Girl; How like Death ſhe looks!

Now, I would fain know, for what good End or Purpoſe Miſs could be deſirous that the World ſhould be acquainted with this extravagant, and, I may add, indecent Fondneſs of her Mother for *Cranſtoun*? Was it to poſſeſs the Publick with an Opinion, that as there was ſuch a ſtrong and mutual Affection between her Mother and Lover, that there could not be the leaſt Grounds to ſuſpect that either he or ſhe could have any Hand in the Death of ſo affectionate a Mother, who died ſome Time afterwards, as did likewiſe Mrs. *Pocock*, much about the ſame Time, of a very ſtrange Diſorder, not much unlike that which was the Occaſion of Mr. *Blandy*'s Death? If ſhe had not ſome ſuch Deſign in View, how was it conſiſtent with that reverential Regard which a Daughter ought to have for the Memory of a tender Mother, to expoſe her Weakneſs in ſo indecent and even ſcandalous a Manner as ſhe has done? But if this was really the Caſe, and theſe two Lovers were actually confederated in the Death of the Mother, as well as afterwards in the Death of the Father, to make a clear Stage for the full Enjoyment of a large Fortune upon the Demiſe of the old People, then Miſs's Conduct is eaſily accounted for, and it was

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the wiſeſt Method ſhe could take, in order to clear her Character from that Crime, with which ſhe was but too ſenſible ſhe was charged. For, though ſhe was not directly accuſed with it at her Trial, yet ſhe expected to hear the Council declare, That they had as ſtrong Proofs to convict her of the poiſoning her Mother and Mrs. *Pocock*, as they had to prove her Guilty of the Death of her Father.

But let us proceed to ſome other Particulars. While Miſs and her Mother were in *London*, the old Lady was greatly diſtreſs'd for Money, having contracted a conſiderable Debt, unknown to her Huſband, which ſhe knew not how to pay. Mr. *Cranſtoun*, in his next Viſit, finds Miſs all in Tears, and on enquiring the Reaſon, is told, that her Mother was under the greateſt Perplexity on Account of the ſaid Debt. *Cranſtoun*, pretending to be greatly affected for their Trouble, generouſly offer'd to raiſe the Money, and was as good as his Word, and brought the Sum wanted, which was 40*l.* and threw it into the old Lady's Lap, who was ſo affected with this ſo uncommon Inſtance of his Generoſity, that for a while ſhe ſtood ſpeechleſs, and could only ſqueeze his Hand, and burſt into Tears. But to relieve her Diſtreſs, he kiſſed her, and ſaid, 'Remember 'tis a Son, and therefore don't

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'make yourſelf uneaſy; you can't lie 'under any Obligation to me.' But Miſs going to expreſs her own Gratitude for the Favour, was prevented by his kiſſing her too, and ſaying, 'That was all 'he deſired in Return.'

Upon reading this Caſe, as ſhe herſelf has thus ſtated it, ſuch Queſtions as theſe will naturally ariſe. As how, where, and for what this Debt was contracted? Whether the Captain had any View or Proſpect of being ever repaid it; or, indeed, whether he ever had his Money again? or what other Conſiderations induced him to ſtrain his Credit (for it can hardly be ſuppos'd that he had ſuch a Sum by him of his own) merely to oblige this good old Lady?

As to the firſt of theſe Queſtions, how, where, and for what this Debt was contracted, this Anſwer may be given. The Debt it ſeems conſiſted of two Parts; that is, ten Pounds of it was contracted in *London*, and thirty Pounds of it at *Henley*. Now it is highly improbable, that Mr. *Blandy* ſhould permit his Wife and Daughter to reſide in *London* without a ſufficient Allowance to bear all their reaſonable Expences. I think it is therefore very reaſonable to ſuppoſe (nor is it an idle Suppoſition) that theſe Ladies, in Company with their dear Friend and Familiar Mr. *Cranſtoun*,

were willing to partake of all the fashionable Diversions of the Town, during their Stay in it. If this was really the Case, and we have Room enough to imagine it was, since Miss has not informed us by what other Means it was done, one may easily judge that a much larger Sum than ten Pounds might be soon spent in this Way. Then as to the thirty Pounds, the other Part of the Debt, this was contracted at *Henley*; Miss herself tells us, *it was for Hours, Butter, Eggs, Wine, and other Provisions, only on Account of Entertainments.* But Miss has concealed that Part of the Story which would set this Matter in a true Light, that is, when, and on what Occasions these Entertaiments were made. The Truth is, that these Junkettings and Entertainments were made only for the Pleasure and Accommodation of Mr. *Cranstoun*, when Mr. *Blandy* was in *London*, and detained there upon Business. So that Miss had much better have concealed this Part of the Story, which exposes her Mother to very severe Censures, for want of Oeconomy in her Family; nor is a less Reflection on her own Character for living in such a licentious Manner with a Man of such abandon'd Principles as *Cranstoun* was known to be.

As to the next Question, whether the Captain had any View or Prospect in advancing

vancing this Money, it may be anſwered, that he certainly had; for the principal, and indeed, the only End he propoſed by marrying the Lady was, to get himſelf poſſeſſed of a large Sum of Money; by which he could eaſily reimburſe himſelf whatever Sums he might advance to gratify and pleaſe the Mother and Daughter.

Another Queſtion is, whether the Captain ever had his Money again? To this Miſs herſelf furniſhes us with an Anſwer. *Cranſtoun*, after the Death of his kind Patroneſs and Advocate, Mrs. *Blandy*, perceiving his Reception was not ſo hearty with Mr. *Blandy* as heretofore, began to doubt the Iſſue. This puts him upon contriving Schemes for recovering the Money he had *lent* the old Lady in her Diſtreſs. Upon this, being then in *London*, and being invited by Miſs into the Country, he writes her a Letter, full of heavy Complaints, that he was not able to ſtir out of Doors for Fear of the Bailiffs, his Fortune in *Scotland* being ſeized for the Maintenance of his Wife (Miſs *Murray*, as he call'd her) and her Child; and that the Debt which occaſioned his Perplexity, was near fifteen Guineas. Miſs, without reflecting, that the Ground of his Neceſſity, namely, the Seizing of his Eſtate for the Maintenance of his Wife, ought to have

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been a ſtrong Argument againſt her ſending him any Relief, very readily remits him fifteen Guineas, Part of forty Pounds ſhe had borrowed of Mrs. *Mounteney*, to pay off Part of her Mother's Debt. Upon this, he came to *Henley*, where he had not been long, but all on a ſudden he puts on a gloomy and thoughtful Air; which Miſs ſoon obſerving, demands the Reaſon. He ſhews her a dunning Lettter he had juſt receiv'd from one of his Creditors in *London*, for a Debt of 15*l.* Miſs immediately gave him the Money, being another Part of the 40*l.* ſhe had borrowed of Mrs. *Mounteney*; ſo that now he had received 30 of the 40*l.* he had advanced as before-mentioned. After this, ſhe made him a Preſent of her Watch, which no Doubt made up the Deficiency, and paid him in full for all the Money he had advanced.

Upon the whole then it is plain, that the Captain's Generoſity on this Occcaſion, was merely to ingratiate himſelf with the old Lady, in order to facilitate his Deſign on the Daughter.

The next Paſſage in Miſs's Narrative, which we ſhall take Notice of, is that which gives a very minute Account of the extraordinary Noiſes and Muſick heard in the Night, in and about the Houſe, for a conſiderable Time together. But here it

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muſt be obſerv'd, that previous to the Account of theſe Tales, Miſs tells us, that before her Mother died, after ſome Diſcourſe about the Immortality of the Soul, they agreed, that whoever died firſt, ſhould appear to the other, if permitted ſo to do. Her Mother had been dead upwards of a Year, and Miſs had heard no News of her. But then Mr. *Cranſtoun* coming into the Country, and having heard Miſs talk of this Converſation with her Mother, he ſeem'd uneaſy, looking, as ſhe thought, with an unuſual Paleneſs. On her aſking the Meaning of it, he told her he had heard Muſick in the Night, for two Hours together, and thought it came from the Middle of the Stairs. Miſs laugh'd at him, and ask'd him, how he could be ſo whimſical? He ſaid, it was no Whim, for he really heard it. The next Night Miſs heard Muſick, and thought it ſeem'd to be in the Yard. After that, one of the Maids heard it; and then all three of them heard it together. This was a pretty Scheme enough of *Cranſtoun*'s, to inculcate Superſtitious Notions into his Miſtreſs, in order the better to carry on his grand Deſign. But it will be aſk'd, could theſe People be all deceiv'd? could not their Ears diſtinguiſh Sounds? They were awake, and in their Senſes, and therefore it was impoſſible they could be impoſed upon in

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ſo plain a Matter. All this I grant, and will allow farther, that they did hear Muſick, but I cannot grant that it came from aerial and ſpiritual Performers. The Inhabitants of the other World, are differently employed than to amuſe or divert us poor Earth-born Mortals. Let me rather ſuppoſe, that the Captain had procured a Muſician for this Purpoſe, and had directed him ro place himſelf ſo as not to be ſeen from the Window under which he was ordered to play. And this ſeems pretty plain from what Miſs herſelf ſays, that the Muſick ſhe heard, ſeemed to be in the Yard. Now if ſhe was ſo weak as to believe this Part of the Story, the Tranſition was eaſy to her fancying ſhe heard other ſtrange Noiſes in the Houſe, which might be occaſioned by the running about of Rats, *&c.*

Upon the whole therefore it ſeems evident to me, that this was all an Invention and a Trick of *Cranſtoun*'s, contrived for the better managing and carrying his wicked Purpoſes into Execution. Of the ſame Kind was his pretending to have conſulted a *Scotch* Witch, about the Love-Powders, and that her Skill in Magic was ſo great, that ſhe had deſcribed both Miſs and her Father in a moſt ſurpriſing Manner, tho' ſhe had never ſeen them. *Cranſtoun* was not now to learn, that Women are naturally

rally ſuperſtitious and credulous with Reſpect to ſupernatural Operations; and therefore he played this Engine upon Miſs the more vigorouſly; being perſuaded, that if he could but delude her Underſtanding to entertain this Opinion, his Work was done, and he ſhould ſoon make her the Inſtrument of obtaining his wicked Ends: And indeed it was not long before he perſuaded her into a Belief, that thoſe Powders would make her Father love him. She gave them to her Father according to his Directions, and behold the Conſequence!

Miſs, in the Concluſion of her Narrative tells us, that her Servants being apprized of the bad Opinion ſhe entertained of them, were reſolved to be revenged on her, if ever it ſhould be in their Power. That as to her Mother's Maid, *Suſanna Gunnel*, ſhe would have turned her away, had it not been for ſome Money that was due to her. But Miſs had been more ingenuous in her Confeſſion, if ſhe had acknowledged, that the Money due to *Suſan* was not for Wages, but Money that ſhe herſelf had borrowed of her, to the Amount of Fourſcore Pounds to ſupport *Cranſtoun* in his Extravagancies or Diſtreſſes, which indeed it was not now in her Power to pay her; and ſo poor *Suſan* muſt loſe all the Fruits of a long Servitude, unleſs Mr. *Blandy*'s

Blandy's ſurviving Relations, in Compaſſion to her unmerited Hardſhips, make up her Loſs by their Generoſity and Benevolence.

I perceive at the Concluſion of the Narrative, that it has the Sanction of two Clergymen, Members of the Univerſity of *Oxford*; and if I am rightly informed, the far greateſt Part of it was wrote by a reverend Divine from Miſs *Blandy*'s Mouth. If ſo, I would gladly learn from theſe worthy Gentlemen, the Reaſons that induced them to give their Sanction to, or Approbation of ſo many incredible Stories, Improbabilities, and palpable Falſities as muſt naturally occur to every Man of common Underſtanding that peruſes her Account. Do not they plainly ſee that Miſs has abuſed both her Father and Mother from the Beginning of her Pamphlet to the End of it? Do not they ſee that her whole Deſign in writing it is to juſtify her lawleſs Paſſion for a Man of the moſt abandoned Principles? Have they Faith enough to believe her Tale of Apparitions and aerial Muſick? If not, why is it ſent into the World with the Solemnity of their Sanction? If they would not ſeem to patronize theſe Abſurdities, they ſhould in the firſt Place, have endeavoured to convince her of her Errors; and if, notwithſtanding, ſhe obſtinately perſiſted in them, they ſhould have thought it another Part of their

their Duty, not to have contributed their Aſſiſtance to the ſpreading of them in the World. But ſince they have done this, they will find themſelves rewarded only with the publick Laugh and Ridicule.

Before we conclude, we ſhall only make ſome few Remarks on her Behaviour a little before her Execution. It's very true, that in the general ſhe behaved with great Decency and Seriouſneſs, and ſeemed perfectly reſigned to her unhappy Fate; yet there is much Room to doubt whether ſhe was quite ſincere in her moſt ſolemn Profeſſions of her Innocence, and that ſhe died in perfect Charity with all the World. For it is evident, ſhe retain'd a ſecret Reſentment againſt thoſe ſhe call'd her Enemies, even to the laſt, as appears from ſeveral unguarded Expreſſions, which ſhe let fall, a Day or two before her Execution, nay even the ſame Morning, as may be ſeen in her Life; and in ſhort, her own Narrative diſcovers a Rancour in her Heart againſt ſeveral of the Witneſſes, and even of the Jury themſelves. But can a Man of Senſe believe her ſincere, when ſhe gave an Account to the Rev. Clergyman who attended her, of her hearing Muſick in the Night by inviſible Performers? And yet this ſhe affirmed in the Morning of her Execution, that ſhe had heard it the preceding Night more melodious than

ever. How ſhall we reconcile this Fiction, Whim, or Fancy, (call it what you will) to that excellent Senſe and Underſtanding ſhe was univerſally reported to be Miſtreſs of? If ſo, how ſhall we acquit her of Prevarication, or ſome mental Reſervation, in order to impoſe upon the Credulity of the Spectators? And if this was really the Caſe, (as there ſeems to be too much Ground to ſuppoſe, tho' I am willing to hope better Things) what Judgment can we form of the following ſolemn Declaration, which ſhe ſign'd with her own Hand, and deliver'd immediately after having receiv'd the Lord's Supper? Can we ſay ſhe was any better than an Infidel? — But let the Reader make his own Reflections.

I *Mary Blandy*, do declare, that I die in a full Perſuaſion of the Truth and Excellency of the Chriſtian Religion, and a ſincere, though unworthy Member of the Church of *England*. I do likewiſe hope for a Pardon and Remiſſion of my Sins, by the Mercy of God, through the Merits and Mediation of Jeſus Chriſt, my moſt bleſſed Lord and Saviour. I do alſo farther declare, that I did not know, or believe, that the Powder, to which the Death of my dear Father has been aſcribed, had any noxious or poiſonous Quality lodged in it; and that I had no Intention to hurt, and much

much leſs to deſtroy him, by giving him that Powder: All this is true, as I hope for eternal Salvation, and Mercy from Almighty God, in whoſe moſt awful and immediate Preſence I muſt ſoon appear. I die in perfect Peace and Charity with all Mankind, and do from the Bottom of my Soul forgive all my Enemies, and particularly thoſe who have in any Manner contributed to, or been inſtrumental in bringing me to the ignominious Death I am ſoon to ſuffer. This is my laſt Declaration, as to the Points therein contained, and I do moſt earneſtly deſire, that it may be publiſhed after my Deceaſe. Witneſs my Hand,

MARY BLANDY.

I was going on to make ſome farther Remarks on Miſs's Account of this Affair, but on peruſing that publiſhed by Mr. *Walker*, find myſelf agreeably prevented. For there the Writer has made the moſt judicious Obſervations upon every Part of her Conduct, and with great Accuracy and Impartiality has ſet every Fact in the trueſt Light.

F I N I S.